Jon Lee rewrite

A Very Strange Man

He never sleeps on a bed. He falls asleep immediately simply by putting his head on the table and sitting down on a chair. On Friday nights he eats absolutely nothing. He buys new clothing only on the week before the New Year. Says he is too busy to be sick. Has never been ill as far as he can remember. Is fifty-eight years old, yet looks just slightly over forty. He has no gray hair. Complexion is very ruddy. Wears a peculiar kind of shoes that have no laces or buttons. Drinks soup by the bowlfuls. Rarely eats American foods. Cannot cook a cup of coffee by himself.

He is an old man with a youthful appearance. Very sturdy and strong. Healthy as a new born babe. There is nothing queer about his personal appearance. His shoulders are broad and straight. Walks like a soldier.

After all the many strange things that I have heard about him, I expected to find a maniac suffering from intense aberration of the mind. Instead I found him a completely normal person with a little more intelligence than the average man.

The strange things that he does are nothing more than unbreakable habits which he has been accustomed to for a long period of time.

"To me I find nothing strange in what I do," he explained. "I am used to what people considered as strange. I am quite sure that many of the stories you heard about me are a little

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"To me I find nothing strange in what I do," he explained. "I used to what people considered as strange. I am quite sure that many of the stories you heard a out me are a little

exaggerated, but the truth ~~if~~ is that I have some strange habits. I cannot cook even the simplest meal. Whenever I want a glass of chocolate or coffee, I have to ask someone else to do it for me. I must always have rice in my meals or I feel half starved. It isn't that I do not like other foods, it is because I cannot feel full when I eat anything except rice."

This man is very feminine in his talk and action. While he talks, he gesticulates with his hands which are white and smooth like a lily. Wears the strangest kind of ~~shes~~ shoes imaginable. Buys them at a particular store which alone carries them. The shoes are of black leather with a small loop handle in the back. They resemble a pair of slippers, only they are high, reaching up to the ankle. There are no buttons or laces. Very quaint.

While looking at him there came to my mind an incident that I heard about him. It seems that whenever the man washes his feet he falls asleep immediately. If he does not fall or move, he will remain in the same position for many hours. During the night he will turn a somersault and quickly wake up. No one has actually seen this happen, but somehow or the other, the story leaked out, and it is accepted as something true.

"I lead a very ordinary life," he continued. "There is nothing in my life that will interest anyone. I have been in America for a long time, about thirty years. I have taken only one trip back to China during all this time. I have worked almost continuously ever since I've been here. My longest period of employment was as a ~~cleark~~ clerk in a dry goods store.

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I have a wife and daughter. Both are dead, and I have lived alone these many years.

"And because I live alone, I am able to get along. I stopped working at a dry goods store two years ago after ten continuous years of employment there. The store went into bankruptcy after many unsuccessful attempts to succeed. The owner finally sold the entire business to another man. The new owner hired all new members, and all of the old workers were discharged.

"The former owner of the store had not been paying the workers their monthly wages. Business began to dwindle more and more. In former years during the Christmas holidays, the store was able to sell at least a thousand dollars worth of merchandise. During the period of the depression, business got to be so quiet that the Christmas holidays brought in just one fourth of the expected sales.

"Everyone in the store suffered as a result of the depression. The owner was heavily in debt. Rather than lose their jobs, many of the workers agreed to accept reduced wages, but even this did not help to avoid the inevitable failure that was to come.

"When I left the store, I had four months of back wages still unpaid. It is with regret that I left the store. I like my work there very much.

"The store provided the evening meals for the workers. After work, which was always about six, all the workers gathered at a dining place for their meals. Every Saturday

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evening there was a special dinner. This dinner usually consisted of chicken, roast duck, bird nest soup, and abalone cooked with mushrooms. But all of us either go home to lunch, or we eat at a nearby restaurant."

This man is afraid of darkness. Because of this, he lives in a large house with another family. These people are rich, and whenever there is a holiday everyone goes over to San Francisco to see the stage shows. If the man returns home, he will find the house empty. So he stays down at the store and writes letters home to the folks in China. He keeps at his writing until one or two in the early dawn, then he goes home, for by that time the people in the house will be back from the city.

Another strange thing about him is that he has never smoked a cigarette or cigar in his life. Only rarely does he indulge in wine or liquor. He does not take a bath in a tub. Wears long woolen union suits. Throws them away when the New Year comes and buys new ones. He wears them in summer or winter. Never washes them. Wears them until they wear out, then throws them away. Has very strong eyesight, but always read with a magnifying glass. Drinks a great quantity of soup, but gives the impression of playing on musical instruments. On rainy days he runs across the street, pulling up his trousers legs so that they will not get wet. Loves to talk politics and knows the most complete ghost stories imaginable.

After he was let off from the dry goods store he was without a job, but only for a short while.

"I did not have to worry very much then," he said. "I

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"I did not mean to worry very much then," he said. I

was alone. I had enough saved up to last me for a while anyway. I finally got a job in a small grocery store. I did not get very good wages, but it was enough for one man. My job was a very easy one. All day long I stand behind the counter, and whenever a customer comes in, I waited on him.

"It was but a little store in Chinatown. It carried all varieties of can goods, bread, milk, eggs. But I did not have that job very long. The owner had to sell the store because he was in need of money. He had a son who was ill for three long years. He spent his entire fortune trying to make the boy get well, but it was of no avail. The boy was doomed from the very beginning. After the boy passed away, the father wished to sell the store, but nobody seemed to want it. There were many hundred of dollars worth of merchandise in the store. The whole amount of goods was finally sold at auction for a mere sum of a hundred dollars, and that includes all scales, counters, one coffee grinder, and many glass cases. The company that bought ~~this~~ these certainly had a bargain.

"But the owner of the store was so desperately in need of money that even a hundred dollars looked like a great amount of cash. He finally had to start at the bottom and work himself up again. His dead son caused him over five thousand dollars during the long period that he was ill."

After he left that small grocery store, this man was unemployed again. But only for a short while. He finally got another job sewing buttons on men and women underwear.

Everything in the store is made to order. People from little towns and cities come out and trade at the store.

"Sometimes we trust them too much," the man said, "and they run away and do not pay the bills. Or else they pay a part of the bill and do not pay the rest. When we send letters to them, they do not answer. When we go to see them, they are not at home. Sometimes we spend more money trying to collect a bill that is less. It only goes to prove that to be successful in business is not easy. If we do not sell on credit no customers will buy from us. If we sell on credit, there are many complications.

"We have many unpaid bills now, and probably they will never be paid. We considered ourselves fortunate if we collect more than half of our debts. We are very careful as to whom we are selling to on credit, and in this way, many unpleasant circumstances can be avoided."

Yet despite the carefulness, many of the bills will never be paid. For already two of the firms which owes money to this store have gone bankrupt. Perhaps the store may be lucky enough to get back a small part of the original debt.

Meanwhile the man goes on, hoping for the best.

In his spare time he reads continuously, holding his magnifying glass close to his eyes. He reads everything in a newspaper, from the advertisements to the latest political news. And whenever there is anyone to talk to him, he will go into a long discussion as to what is wrong with this world, and how it can be improve.

He is always doing something. He never wastes his time.

Whenever he shaves, he carries a whole stack of toilet paper in his pocket, and two or three times that day, he will take out a piece of paper and rub his chin. He says that the rubbing keeps the whiskers from growing too long. After he shaves his chin on Friday evening, he eats nothing. He says he feels strange to eat after shaving.

However, he has a favorite dish which he likes very much, and this is noodles cooked with tomatoes. He is extremely fond of it. Since this man is a very humorous person, people often play jokes on him. Sometimes on Friday after he has gone to the barber shop to get his shave, the owner of the store will order noodles cooked with tomatoes. When the man comes back from the barber shop, he will see everyone eating the noodles. His mouth will water, but he does not dare to ask for some, and everyone knows that he never eats after a shave. One Friday after he came back from a haircut and shave, the boss asked him, "Do you want some noodles?"

The man remained quiet, then said suddenly, "Well, just this once, but no more."

And I have been told that whenever there is noodles cooked with tomatoes served on Fridays, this man always says the same thing. But if anything else is served, he will say, "You know that I never eat on Friday evening."

But when noodles are served, he eats, Friday or no Friday.

He is a great eater. He never eats less than two large bowlfuls of rice. He drinks soups in a large dish. He never

seems to have enough of it.

Whenever children are around him, he begins to tell stories, and he will continue to tell them until he cannot think of anymore.

Often thinks of his wife and daughter and feels sad. Would like to go back to China, but does not mind staying over here indefinitely.

"My wife and daughter are not here, and most of the old friends I knew have passed away. There seems no reason to go back except to visit places that I once knew."

I guess as long as he has his noodles with tomatoes, he will be content. For he hasn't a worry in the world.

Jon Lee rewrite

A Chinese Family
(former title-Conflict)

China is a land where innumerable superstitions dominate the great majority of the people, people of all classes of society from the poor farmers to the rich landowners who believe and follow with extreme reverence strange customs and manners which their ancestors had always believed to be beyond human questioning. We would think that a country like China that has a civilization for so long a time could not be a land where the populace adheres to weird and unbelievable customs.

It is a very bad sign to have the rice pot empty on the New Year, for this signifies that for the coming year the rice will not be sufficient, and everyone in the family will suffer hunger. One is condemned if he says an offensive word in the first day of the New Year. If one has the habit of putting his elbows on the table and his hands under the chin that person is doomed to suffer from ill luck. If one dreams that he is taking a bath, it is a sign that he is going to die. In dreams, everything that comes out with trouble is a good sign. When one dreams that he is dying, it is a good sign of luck. If one dreams that he is rich, it is a sign that he is going to be poor. Everything has an opposite meaning.

There are still many people who believe in superstitions that are much more trivial than the above mentioned ones. They have heard of them for so long that they unconsciously

think of them as facts, so something that is generally accepted as the truth. Although there are many who have dropped all believes in superstition, there are still more who adhere to it in one form or another.

Take the Chinese New Year as an example. This is the time when superstition has its greatest showing, when people who usually are not superstitious suddenly develop a strong relationship to old obsolete customs.

I can still remember a certain New Year that still lingers in my memory.

The bright color firecrackers are exploding loudly in the streets of Chinatown, and the houses and stores are brightly decorated with gay red banners on which are written words of greetings and luck for the coming year. Small children linger in the street, dressed in bright new clothes, holding in their hands many packages of firecrackers. The Chinese women are brightly robed in silks of red and green, and on their shining black hair, there are golden ornaments. They wear many golden bracelets on their hands, and golden rings on their fingers. Colorful earrings decorate their ears. The atmosphere of the town has a strange and peculiar difference. One can actually feel in the air that there is something happening. The frequent explosion of firecrackers give the town a distinct Chinese feeling. It is New Year, and there is gayness everywhere.

In the homes the mother make home-made dough cakes and fancy elaborate puddings. The house is thoroughly cleaned and prepared to welcome the year.

On a table in the reception room for guests there are two large dishes of oranges, arranged in a very attractive manner, two dishes of watermelon seeds, and also lichee nuts, dried cocoanuts, and many other fancy delicacies. The Chinese lilies, usually the double layers variety, lend beauty and fragrance to the occasion. In almost every room, red papers with slogans and good luck charms brushed on them are pasted on the walls.

All during the first day, the women either stay home to receive guests, or they go out to visit friends, to acquaint old friendships that have been englected or lost, and to bring to each other a feeling of neighborly affection and good feeling. Many enmities are forgotten during the New Year, but remembered again after it.

There are parties, amusement, and many gay and elaborate events that fill an entire week of celebration. All during this time, the strictest attention must be paid to customs and manner, for during the New Year, people are easily offended.

The women offer prayers to the Gods, and they burn golden papers for luck. On the seventh day of the Year, the Birthday of Men, there is a dragon parade. Whenever the dragon visits a home, that home is blessed with luck and prosperity for the year.

A New Year in those days was a period of gayety, celebration, and colorful rejoicing. That was the scene that the spectator saw and felt ten or fifteen years ago. But lately in the last few years, a great change has come over the Chinese in America. Even those who follow the old customs

with reverence have let loose, so to speak, and compromise with the more modern housewives in celebrating the holiday in a much less elaborate way, adhering only to the more important old customs, and dropping completely the less important ones.

This steady change has come about gradually, but effectively. It is a change that only a Chinese could know. To the outsider, nothing has happened that is noticeable. True, there is still the shooting of firecrackers, the dragon parade, and the custom of giving money to children. It is in the way and manner in which these are done that the change can be detected.

Years ago no one would ever dare give money away without wrapping it in red paper, but today it is a common thing to see this very thing done. Today instead of having oranges, flowers, and lichee nuts, most people put only a dish of watermelon seeds on the table. But the most amazing thing of all is that the majority of the people no longer celebrate the New Year with Chinese lilies. The flowers that are used now are carnations, roses, snap dragons, and in some cases where the poor cannot afford them, paper flowers are substituted.

The women no longer cover themselves with great quantities of jewels, but remain satisfied with only a single diamond ring in their fingers. And there are many who do not take the trouble to dress up for the occasion.

What has brought about this change? Perhaps it is inevitable in a rapid changing country like America. Perhaps it is because the Chinese themselves are getting more modern in their point of views. But this important fact cannot be

denied, and it is that the children have played an important part in the change although they may not know it.

With the exception of comparatively recent marriages, the mothers of today came from China, and they were completely Chinese as far as manners, customs, and habits were concerned. Then as their years in America lengthened, they acquired a new outlook, a new approach to the life around them. They no longer found it necessary for them to follow rigidly the old rules of yesterday. Added to the fact that their children were brought up in this western education, the mothers found no reason to make their children accept the customs which they probably would not understand. So that today the mother is the only one in the family who still retains an atmosphere of old China. Although she may have been westernized to a certain degree, she cannot completely sever herself definitely from all she has learned.

It is because of this that today in the holidays, the celebrations, and the festivals, the old ancient Chinese atmosphere is missing. Outwardly everything seems not changed at all, but inwardly, the authentic spirit is lacking.

So it can readily be seen that Chinese women, even though they are educated and reared in China, can change over and adapt themselves to a more modern way of living.

The following story is typical of what is happening to many Chinese women of today. It is a story of a woman who changed in manners, action, and clothes.

She was the oldest child in a family of nine children. Her parents were farmers who worked in the land. She did not think before she got married that she would ever live a life of ease and comfort. She was but a poor farmer's daughter, but she was beautiful and feminine. Her marriage was arranged by her parents. Her husband was a rich land owner, and he took the wife to the new house which he built for her. She did not have to work, for everything was done by maids and servants. She had two personal maids to care for her, who did all the tasks that it was unecessary for her to do the slightest work.

The husband did not have to work, for he was the owner of large acres of land. All the work was done by hired labor. The land was leased to the farmers who lived on the farms. The man decided what main crop to grow, and the farmers had to obey. However, the farmers could grow subsidiary crops which he kept for himself. None of the farm laborers had to pay any rent. The year's rent was settled at the harvest. In good or bad seasons the landlord and the tenants shared in the profits or losses.

But the life of ease and comfort was too easy for the wife. Often she went among the servants and helped them with their duties. She helped in the cooking and preparing of foods. She aided in the planting of flowers and shrubs which surrounded her house in wild profusion.

Four years after her marriage she was the mother of three children, and she spent her time in caring and raising them. Always in her heart she wanted to see America, and she and her husband decided someday to come over here.

She had many friends which she knew living here in America. When it was possible for her to come here, she left the children with the aunt in her great house, and she came over with her husband.

Although she and her husband had to work when they got here, they did not find it difficult after a life of ease.

This woman's impressions of America are quite interesting.

"As my stay in America lenghtened, I became attached to this country. I noticed that the Chinese people over here are a little different from the Chinese people of China. Almost everyone has their hair bobbed and wearing American clothes. They fit in the scene. When I wear my Chinese robes I feel strangely conspicuous. And as a result I began to buy American clothes, and I found them to be more comfortable. Now only on holidays and important occasions I wear my long robes.

"There is one important thing that I notice in the Chinese children over here. They do not have the manner and politeness of children in China. To the Chinese, manner is a most vital thing. Respect for the elders is very important. Even if the older person is wrong the younger people have to respect him just the same. And it is a disgrace to offer tea to anyone with one hand. One has to offer tea with both hands while standing up.

"We Chinese have great respect for the dead. On days when we visit the graves, we kowtow before each grave and light wax candles and put food on the graves. Sometimes the beggars

come around and eat the food while we are away. On days of festivals there are many excitement. Men drink themselves drunk. They play games with their hands, a game called "chi mew." The loser has to sip a mouthful of wine from a glass.

"Red is the good luck color of the Chinese people. On the New Year, red is the predominant color, evident in clothes, decorations, and even in the food itself.

"I can still remember some odd incidents that occurred when I was a child. I was eating a piece of chicken which somehow got choked in my throat. My mother immediately put a bowl of rice on top of my head, and with a pair of chop-sticks, she rattled on the bowl. She said that that ####would take the choking feeling away. If I do such a thing today, it will ridiculous and comical. But in China it is very common to do this.

"The Chinese way of saying hello is, 'Have you eaten rice?' But now unconsciously when I see someone I say, 'Hello.' It is a change that has come so gradually that even I, myself, am not aware of it.

"Many people would think that there is a gulp between the Chinese of old China and the Chinese who are born here. But there isn't. We are gradually adapting ourselves to western life, slowly, but surely. I find that I am dropping many habits which I would never think of dropping while in China. I expect to go back very soon to see my children and my home again."

In her home life, both Chinese and English are spoken. She learns to speak English just by listening to others speak it. Although her pronounciation is not as clear as she wishes, yet she manages to make herself understood by others.

She frequently goes to the motion picture shows and find great enjoyment in them. Almost every week on Saturday she goes over to San Francisco to see the Chinese stage shows.

If she wishes to go back now, she can afford to, for the land which her husband owned in China pays a large amount of money to him. Since he has the land, there is no need for him to worry about finances.

The woman remembers how easy life is for her back in China where even a cup of tea is brought before her by her maids. Someday very soon she is going back to that life of ease and comfort. Meanwhile ## she is absorbing the influence of the American life in her mode of living. She is a completely changed person compared to what she was when she first arrived in this country.

To her there is no conflict in her adoption of American ways of living. And already she has dropped many of her old customs which she used to follow rigidly. Like many other Chinese women, she is a good example of what America is doing to change the point of view of the Chinese who come from the mother country.

When she goes back to China again, she will be a much different person from the one who left her country not so long ago. Perhaps she will be able to influence the old Chinese back there to the rapid changing world.

XXVIII

The woodcutter was a very energectic person, and he worked very hard from morning till night, and whenever he sees anyone wasting his time, he would always say to the person, Time is very precious and we should make use of it instead of wasting it. The woodcutter had told this to many persons, but never had he met a person as stubborn as a certain fisherman .

The woodcutter came across him one day, and he saw the old fisherman fishing in a small pond, wading his feet in the water, paying no attention whatsoever to the hard working woodcutter.

Why are you wasting your time, doing nothing? the woodcutter greeted the fisherman.

The fisherman smiled a little and said nothing.

But you are fishing in the wrong manner, the woodcutter told him, the hook should be bent in order to catch the fish.

Still the woodcutter was unable to make the fisherman say anything. Finally he gave ~~in~~ it up and went on his way.

And for many days afterwards whenever the woodcutter came across the fisherman, he would tease him and make fun of him.

On a certain day the fisherman was selling some flour on the street when a child approached him and said, I wish to buy one cent worth of flour.

So the fisherman, who really was not a fisherman at all, but a merchant, wrapped up a small parcel of flour and handed it to the boy. Just at that moment a group of king's men went by and knocked down everything on the walk.

There was nothing that the poor fisherman could do except

to go home and tell his wife about what had happened. This he did, and when the wife heard this she said, You are always getting in trouble. I would advise you to go down to the temple and find out what the future holds for you.

So the very next day the fisherman went to the temple, and he kneeled down beside an image and he mumbled strange words and he counted his fingers back and forth.

Here it happened that the woodcutter passed by and he saw the fisherman and he said, Well, so it is you again. What are you doing this day?

This time the fisherman answered and said, I am finding out what the future holds in store for me.

Oh, you are?

I am.

Well then, if you are that bright, just suppose you tell my fortune for me.

The fisherman smiled and said, All right, if you insist.

So the fisherman looked at the woodcutter and he said, Today a lady is going to give you some food to eat, she is a rich woman and she would buy many of your wood.

The woodcutter burst out laughing.

And what kind of a jest is this?

This is no jest.

You can't make me believe this, the woodcutter said.

But this is the truth, the fisherman said.

I do no believe it.

But why argue. You go about your work today, and I am sure that tomorrow you would come back here and tell me that I am right.

So the woodcutter bid the fisherman goodbye and he went on his way. Soon he came by a house and a lady's voice called out, Wait a minute there, I wish to buy some wood.

The woodcutter could hardly believe his ears when he heard that, but nevertheless he approached the woman, and he saw that she was rich, and she was dressed in robes of silk, and her jewels and rings fairly reek with class and style.

And how much wood do you desire? the woodcutter asked her.

Then the rich woman named the amount and gave over an abundant amount of money to the woodcutter. The woodcutter was about to leave when the rich woman called him again, Would you care for something to eat?

And again the woodcutter was astounded by this.

Why, I would not mind, the woodcutter responded.

So the rich woman went in and came out with a tray of foods, and the woodcutter ate his fill.

Well, well, he mumbled, that food sure taste well. Everything that the fisherman told me is true. And he wondered and wondered to himself.

That night he told his wife about the wise fisherman and how everything prophecized came true. But the wife paid no attention whatsoever to him.

The very next day the woodcutter went to look for the fisherman and he found him near the lake fishing, and the woodcutter said to him, You are right. Everything that you told me had happened as exactly as you said that they would.

The fisherman flashed his pole into the water.

How about telling my fortune today? the woodcutter demanded.

So you believe me now, the fisherman said.

Yes, I do now.

Then the fisherman began to mumble strange sounds and he counted his fingers back and forth, and then he said to the very attentive woodcutter, Today you are going to kill a man.

The woodcutter thought that the fisherman was fooling him, and he did not quite believe what he heard, and he said, I am going to kill a man?

Yes, the fisherman said.

But why?

I do not know, but I know you are going to kill a man.

Then the woodcutter came out of his pondering and he went on his way.

I am going to kill a man, that is impossible, he said to himself.

Then he took up his load of wood and went toward the town to sell his wares.

The woodcutter forgot about what the fisherman told him as the day wore on, and in the late afternoon he was starting for home when suddenly he heard a loud yell behind him, and he turned around and discovered that his long bamboo pole had punctured into the stomach of one of the king's guard. The man was writhing on the ground and soon he was dead.

Now a group of spectators gathered around and one of the man said, I saw this wood cutter do it. He killed him.

And then there was great excitement and the woodcutter was taken before the palace of the king, and the woodcutter said, I am a poor man and I have an old mother at home. I

have to take care of her. If you put me in jail she would starve to death. And I have a wife too.

And the king listened to all this and then he said to the woodcutter, I will let you go, provided that you promise to come back here and report at regular intervals. If you agree to this, then you are free. And the woodcutter said, I will promise. I will come back at anytime you state. And the king said, Then you are free to go. So the woodcutter went home that day and told his wife about all that had happened to him, and she listened to all that this husband had to say and then she said, What are you going to do now?

There is only one person who could save me, and that person is the fisherman who foretold so many of the things that happened to me so accurately.

Then you must go to him, the wife said.

That I will do, the woodcutter said.

And then the next day the woodcutter came to see the fisherman and he said to him, I have killed a man, but by accident, and the king had told me to report back at the palace from time to time to serve my sentence. Is there anything that you could do to help me get rid of it?

And if I could, the fisherman said, would you be willing to call me a genius?

I most certainly would do anything that you tell me to do, the woodcutter said. And then the fisherman said, Well then, you go to a plot of land away from you home and dig a hole there two or three feet deep, and lie there for seven days and seven nights and during that time do not talk to anyone

or see anyone.

And this is all the instruction?

Yes, the fisherman said, if you do this then the king would not be able to find you again.

And then the woodcutter did everything that the fisherman told him to do, and he dug a hole two feet deep in a plot of land and he lay there for seven days and seven nights.

During this time the king did not see the woodcutter returning to the palace to make his report. Now this king was one who was gifted with supernatural power and he could look into the future and he counted on his fingers and he then ~~he~~ found out that the woodcutter was drown in a hole.

So he dismissed the matter altogether, until many many years later when one of the king's men saw a woodcutter walking along the road. He chased after the woodcutter and said, Are you not the woodcutter that killed a man long ago?

And the woodcutter said, Yes, I am he.

So the guard took him before the king, and the king recognized him and then he said to him, I thought you were dead. I have counted on my fingers and found out that you had drown in a well.

But I am alive, the fisherman save me, the woodcutter stated.

And who is this very remarkable fisherman, the king stated.

He always fished in the lake with a straight hook, the woodcutter answered.

I would like very much to meet that man, the king said.

You can always find him near the pond, the woodcutter said.

So the king bid one of his men to go find the fisherman,

but none was availabe and he called his son forward and said to him, Go to the pond and bring back a certain fisherman who is greater than I am.

And the son went as his father bid, and he reached the pond and saw the fisherman sitting on the edge fishing. Now this fisherman knew that the king's son was coming, since he knew things in advance, and when he saw the king's son coming forward he sang out, The big fish would not come, but the small one does.

And when the king's son heard this, he thought that the fisherman was making fun of him, but in reality the fisherman was referring to the fish in the pond. So the king's son went and told his father of what he heard, and the king then came in person and he found the fisherman and he said to him, I understand that you are a great man, and I want you to come to my palace.

I am tired and I cannot walk, the fisherman said.

But you can ride in my carriage, the king said.

I will ride in your carriage if you would pull it, the fisherman said.

So the king obediently did what was told, and after walking seventy-eight steps he was tired. And the fisherman said to him, You will still rule the land for seventy-eight years.

And if I pull you further, would I still rule more additional years?

That you cannot do since you have already stopped.

So the king pulled the fisherman to the palace and there he conferred a great honor upon him, as being greater than he is. And the woodcutter was given a position in the palace ~~of~~ of the king.

His Big Birthday Party

Jon Lee
Oakland

The rich old man of the village was going to be ninety-one in a few days and many days ahead the rumor spread around town that the party was going to be a great and elaborate one, one that the town had never seen before. So persistent was the talk that the gossip came into the ears of a certain robber chief, and he planned himself to loot the old man on his day of fete.

The day of the birth of the old man dawned bright and clear, and from early dawn the guest began to come and gather at the house. By evening the whole house was filled guests. Outside the robbers were massed together in a big group. The robber chief gave instructions and he divided the group into two large groups.

He said to one of his assistants, "I will take care of the group out here, and you shall lead the others up the roof and come out with whatever you can find."

The ~~the~~ assistant let lead the group to the other side of the house. The robber chief and his men hid behind the bushes, and the darkness of night hid them from view.

Inside the party was going along very well, and the noise and congraluations filled the air. The robbers managed to creep up on the roof without being seen or heard. Then they slowly crept down into the house and gathered whatever they could. Now it happened that one of the guests saw the assistant robber but he was a smart man. He did not make any sort of noise, but he gathered together a group of men from the guests and slowly they went up to the roof and captured the whole group. They put the leader into a ~~bag~~ sack and tied him up.

The time passed by, and the robber chief outside was getting to be worried. He wondered why his assistant did not come down yet.

He waited a little longer, and still the assistant did not come out. Soon the robber chief knew that something unexpected had happened. He instructed his men that they were to carry wood close to the ~~hase~~ house of the rich man and pour kerosene over it. This they did and soon the whole house was on fire. All of the guests from the inside of the house came out of the doorway to see what it was all about. The fire was roaring along very rapidly. Meanwhile the robbers with the leader had gone in from the back. They untied the assistant in the sack and put the old man who was celebrating the birthday into the bag.

The whole group of robbers looted the place while the others were busily putting out the fire. When the others came in they did not notice that anything had been missing. They they all went inside and saw the sack with a figure moving in it. Then they discovered that all of the robbers were missing, except the one in the sack.

Then everyone including the sons and daughters of the old man took up sticks and with them they began to beat the old man. Inside the old man began to yelp and cry.

"This is your father here. Do not beat. Stop! Stop!"

"What! You dirty robber! How dare you take advantage of us and call yourself as our father. Come on, let's beat him some more."

So all the men and women took up the sticks and beat the person in the sack again and again.

The old man inside kept on yelling and yelling. But no one paid any attention to him.

Then someone discovered that the old man of ninety-one years

of age was missing. The sons and aughters of the old men were very surprised at this.

"Ah, I know," one of them said, "he is kidnapped. The robbers are going to hold him for money and have taken him away."

Then the whole house was in a furor then, and no one knew what to do. Then the guests were so mad that they began to beat the robber in the sack more and more. The man inside were moaning and moaning, and then even that was gone.

Afterwards the sack was opened, and there was the old man, black and blue, completely hurt and almost dead. The sons, daughters, and friends stared out at the old man and were unable to say anything at all.

True Story — Gold in the Old House — Jon Lee, Oakland

XLII

This is what my mother told me

It was in the evening I think, yes, on Friday at half past eight, and my mother was doing nothing so I said to her, Tell me a true story, anything, anything strange or peculiar, anything that would be interesting, and my mother thought for a moment and then she said, I could tell you a story about my father, a story that I still remember now, although it happened when I was about eight or nine years old. At that time my father was a house builder, ~~she said,~~ and he wrecked old houses, and he built new ones. There was an old house in the village, and ~~in~~ this house was full of ~~the~~ disease ~~of germs~~ and sickness filled the whole interior. None dared to go near this house for fear of contracting the filthy disease that was raging inside. The owners of the house had died, and since then the house had been left alone with no one living in it ever since. Well, one day, my mother said, my father received notice to wreck the house down, as some rich people wished to built a new house in the location. My father had heard about the house, and he was not afraid of going into it. But my mother would not let him, for she was afraid that my father might contract some deadly germs. So my father fried many eggs, mang dozens of them, and when they ~~are~~ were fried, he took them with him to the old house, and he covered his nose, and he went in. And what did you suppose he did? my mother asked me. What? I question my mother. My mother said, well, ~~my mother said~~, the first thing that my father did was to throw these eggs against the walls, and he threw them all around the four walls. He had heard that germs would stick themselves together on the eggs from someone and he decided to give them a try. Then he came out of the house, and after an hour had elapsed, he felt that it was safe to go in then.

He went inside, and ~~the~~ he discovered that cobwebs were all around, and the whole house smelled like the interior of a grave. Then my father began to take down the beams and the walls, and to his complete surprise he discovered, on taking down the beams, much gold hidden in the inside of the beams, and all of the pieces of gold were black with age, and a thick layer of dirt covered them all. My father was so happy with it all, he began to work very fast, and he gathered all the gold pieces and put them in a basket and took them home to my mother. When my mother saw them she was afraid to touch them, and she said to me, Do not touch them. Let your father or grandmother clean them, I forbid you to do it. She said that to me, and there was nothing that I could do, so I stayed at a distance and watched my brother, my father, and my grandmother cleaning the blacken gold pieces with some powder. My mother stayed at a distance too, and she would not let me go near my father. When the gold pieces were cleaned, they were shiny bright, and they glistened in the sun. We were all happy, but my poor mother, she was afraid that everyone who had touched the money was going to die. But the~~y~~ days and years passed by, and nothing happened to my father, or brother or grandmother, and my mother's heart was eased with it all. Well, we had a lot of money, and this money came in very handy to us who were poor folks. In fact this money gave us many things we ~~would~~ otherwise would not have.

I finally asked my mother, You mean to tell me that this is a true story? My mother said, Of course it is, it really happened to my father, and I remember the scene of my father scrubbing the golden pieces as clearly as if it happened yesterday.

I still could not believe it, that such a thing could really happen. You write it, my mother said, and do not worry about it.

So then I wrote it exactly as she told it to me, and if you do not believe me, then you could come down and see my mother and she would tell you the same thing, exactly as she told it to me. But if you believe me, then all you have to do is to read this story, and save yourself the trip, for my mother is always busy and has no time to see anyone.

I sometimes wish that my mother's father could be alive today so I could question him, not that I doubt my mother, but because I know he could tell me so much more, for I am sure that my mother had forgotten a great deal of the story, and she had only told me the framework. But at least I got the story and that is the important thing, is it not?

[XVIII]

The following story would prove again the strange ways that the Chinese conduct themselves, and it only goes to show again that the Chinese are a strange people, peculiar in ways and custums that are quite startling. And this story happened in China quite long ago in a small village.

It happened that at that time there was a big party held in the house of an old man, and there was great excitement, and the celebration lasted for a long time. After the celebration the floors were scattered with food and small debris of broken crockery, and the whole house needed a thorough cleaning, and it happened that there were two sisters there, and they were to help clean the house up. One of the sister was married, and she was the older one. While she was cleaning up the house after the party she suddenly fell down and she fell on a piece of broken crockery and she killed herself, by cutting herself in the neck.

It happened too that her sister was in the kitchen chopping meat, and she heard her elder sister calling for help. In her excitement this sister ran out of the room, with the knife in her hand. She too fell down and thus killing herself.

The two sisters died then, and the husband of the one that was married charged that an attempt had been made to murder his wife and her sister. He did not believe that the sisters died accidentally. After the body of the young wife was brought back to the husband, the husband put the body in a coffin, and he carried the body around the house where she was killed in. He did this two ~~and~~ or three times. In was in this way that he had his revenge. For a house around which a coffin had been carried is supposed to be one of bad luck.

True Story The Blood Turtle Jon Lee
Oakland

XLVII

It seems that almost all the true stories that we have written are about women suffering with stomach troubles, and again a story about a woman's stomach pops up again, well, they usually do, don't they? especially when the woman is married, and sometimes even when they aren't married. But that's not the point. We are going to write a true story about a blood turtle, and how a very clever physician, well, physician is not the word, but a Chinese pulse reading doctor is more exact. Sp a pulse reader doctor it is.

Of course this story happened in China, and strange as it is, especially the part about the turtle opening his mouth, you have to believe it anyway, for it is TRUE. And it happened to a very close friend of my mother. (Goodness, it seems as if my mother is the only one who knows true story, but she isn't, it just happened that I just have to stay home and interview my own family, and get true stories, it is much easier, especially if one is lazy like me.) But back to the blood turtle.

Well, this friend began to feel terrible pains in her stomach, and she thought that perhaps she was going to become a mother. But the years went on, and no baby came, and the woman went to a very famous pulse reading doctor, and the doctor said, "You are suffering from a very strange disease. In your stomach there is a blood turtle, and everything that you eat is absorbed by this blood turtle, so you see why you are so thin, even though you eat a great deal of foods."

The woman became afraid, and she thought she was going to die. The doctor, who was very understanding, said, "There

is nothing to worry about. There is only one way of saving you, and that is to give you a very powerful poison, and this poison is fatal to every human being. I will have to read your pulse, and at the precise moment that the turtle in your stomach opens his mouth for nourishment, ~~thaen~~ then that is the time to pour the poison down your throat, and the turtle would swallow it all, killing it, and you would be all right. But the timing is very important. If we pour the medicine in too early or too late, then you are lost."

The woman listened to what the doctor said, and she consented to what the doctor suggested.

Then the pulse reading doctor prepared the deadly poison, and after he had done that, he felt the pulse of the woman. He felt it for a long time, then he said to the woman calmly, "Quickly, swallow the poison," the woman did what the doctor told her to do, and she gulped the whole glassful down.

The pulse reading doctor continued to feel the pulse, and after several minutes had passed by, he said to the woman, "You are all right now. The turtle had swallowed the poison."

The woman was glad. Well, the months passed by, and the woman became slightly sick. Then one day the blood turtle came out of her, the way an ordinary baby would do, and this blood turtle was a big ball of blood, the size of a new born babe, and it resembles a turtle in its shape."

The woman slowly began to recover, and soon she was well.

Well, how was that? I know you don't believe it, but it's true. Page Mr. Ripley!

The Four Priests

The four priests who lived in the [illegible] of the [illegible] were [illegible] one day to see a beautiful lady, young and attractive, washing her clothes in the pond nearby. They all gazed upon her with devoted attention. Each day thereafter the young lady came as usual, and each time the four priests continued to watch her, but as yet the priests were not bold enough to come forward and talk with her. Then one day they gathered their courage and came outside. The young lady who was washing cothes at the pond saw them. She went on with her work, and paid no attention at all to the priests. Soon they began to talk to her. Their talk was mostly of trivial things, the weather, the trees and matter in general.

Day by day this went on, then the priests began to be more intimate. They told her how beautiful she was, and how her eyes were bright like stars. The lady was flattered by all these compliments, but she did not take them seriously. Soon the priests began to flirt with her, and even then the lady did not mind. Before long the priests began to take advantage of this freedom. The lady decided that this could not go on forever. So one day she dressed herself up in the most beautiful clothes she could get, and she powdered her face, her neck and her hands. She then went to the edge of the pond and began to wash them.

Now when the priests saw the sudden change in her, they were startled. One of them approached her and said, "Why are you all dressed up today?"

The lady looked at him and said, "My husband is out of town, and I want all of you to come and visit me tonight."

A happy look came into the face of the priest and he beamed and answered, "I would be glad to come."

The lady said, "And be certain to bring all your companions too."

Then the young lady finished washing her clothes and went home. When she got home she said to her girl companion, "Some priests are going to come and visit me tonight. I have a plan all worked out to take care of them." She then explained in detail what she was going to do. "Be sure to remember everything I told you. And have the water boiling hot. And knock at the right time," she finished off.

Her girl companion said, "I shall remember everything."

That night at the expected time there was a knock at the door. The young lady opened the door, and there were three priests waiting there, smiling at her.

"Come on in," she said, "and why is not the other priest here?"

"He is ill and is not be able to come at this time," one of the priests explained. So the three priests came in and sat down. Soon the lady invited them to go into her room, and they all sat around the bed. Suddenly there was a loud rapping on the door.

"It is my husband who is come. Quick, hide under the bed!" So quickly the three priests threw themselves on the floor and hid under the bed. The young lady immediately went out to the kitchen and got the water, and with this she killed the three priests.

"There you lustful beasts," she said scowingly, "this should teach you not to flirt with young ladies."

But the young lady did not know what to do with the dead bodies. She looked outside and saw a poor beggar coming along the road. She called to him, "Do you want to make five silver dollars?"

The poor beggar could hardly believe his ears, for he had never made more than twenty or thirty cents in an entire week of honest labor.

"What am I to do?" he asked the young lady.

The young lady went inside, and carried out one of the dead bodies and said to the beggar, "If you get rid of this corpse, you will get the five dollars." So the beggar carried it away. He came upon the pond near the monastery where the lady washed her clothes, and he threw the body in.

Meanwhile the lady took out another corpse and laid in on the road in front of her house. When the beggar came back to collect his money, the young lady said, "Why do you want to collect your money for when you have not even done your work. What is this dead body doing here?"

The poor beggar was at a loss to understand. "But I did throw the body in the pond," he said.

"You lie, and unless you get rid of this body, I would not give you the money," the lady said to him.

The poor beggar could not do anything but carry the dead body away, and this he threw into the pond. When he returned to the house he saw another dead body on the road. And again he was made to carry it away.

On his way back to get his money the beggar saw a priest walking. This was the one who was ill and did not go with the other three. The beggar saw him and yelled out, "What, you come up again! I will get rid of you this time!" And he grapped tightly at the yelling priest, and with a sweeping throw, the beggar dropped the priest into the pond.

"Now, you can't come up again," the beggar said.

He went back to the house and got his five silver dollars.

The Six Priests

One day a bald headed priest walked by and he said loudly, "I have money, but no one wants it; I have silver, but no one desires it." And a beautiful lady heard this priest say this day after day, and it lingered in her mind. One day the lady went to her husband and said, "There is a certain priest who walked by every day and he said, "I have money, but no one wants it. I have silver, but no desires it. What do you think he meant?" the wife demanded of her husband. And the husband answered, "Next time when you hear that priest say that, you should answer, 'I want it, I want it.' And then see what happens." And taking her husband advice, the beautiful lady decided to do what she was told.

The next day the priest walked by shouting his familiar phrase. The beautiful lady answered loudly, "I want. I want." That evening there was a loud knock at the door. The young lady opened the door, and there were five priests standing outside, with two large sacks of money. The young lady was very surprised at this, but she invited them into her room.

Now before the priests arrived, the wife had had a talk with her husband, and he had said to her, #I will give the impression that I am away. And you shall prepare some very hot water on the stove. Then I shall knock on your door and you shall go to the kitchen and get it. We shall kill the priests and take away their mongy."

And now the opportunity had arrived, and the young lady was all prepared to carry out the prearranged plan. The priests began to open the bags of mongy, and the young lady was dazzled by the glittering coins.

"And is your man at home?" one of the priests demanded. "No," the young lady answered. So the priests began to feel more at ease. Not long after this there was a very loud knock at the door.

"It is my husband," the lady said suddenly, alarmed. Great fear came over the priests, and all of them hid themselves in a big wooden chest in the room. The husband came in then, and knowing the priests were inside the chest, he sat on top of it. He said to his wife, "There are much moths in this chest. Get some water so that I might kill them." And so the young wife went in to the kitchen and came back with a large pail of water and pour it all around the chest, and in this way the five priests were killed quickly, but they made no sound whatsoever.

Quickly the husband and wife thought of a way in which to get rid of the dead bodies. It so happened that at this moment there came along the road a feeble-minded person, and the men stopped him and said, "We can pay to make two large dollars."

The simpleton could hardly believe his ~~eyes~~ ears. "And what do I do to earn this money," he asked.

"Come here," the husband said, and he took out one dead body and he showed it to the simpleton. "Get rid of it for me, and you shall have the two large dollars." So the feebled-minded man took the body away, and he came back to the house to collect his money.

The husband said, "I cannot pay you. You have not gotten rid of the body yet."

The crazy man was at a loss and could not understand it, [illegible] on seeing that he did not have a dead body. The husband took the [illegible] "[illegible] get rid of [illegible], [illegible] I would pay you."

[illegible] of it. [illegible] money. [illegible] he was refused, [illegible] ore. [illegible] on until all five bodies were carried away.

After he threw the last dead body away, the simpleton was [illegible] along the road when he saw a priest walking serenely [illegible]. [illegible] this certain priest was out for a walk enjoying the night air. The feeble-minded man yelled out, "What, You again." [illegible] got hold of this priest and threw him into the water of a lake [illegible].

This time he went back to the house, got his two dollars [illegible].

Jon Lee
Oakland

Fairy Tale

European(?) 104

The Miracle Flower

In the olden times long ago, there lived an old woman who was very poor, and when the time came for her to die, she called her only child, a son, to her death bed, and she said unto him, "After I die, you must bury me in a cool comfortable place. Then when darkness comes, you must come to my grave alone, and you must not let anyone see you. On top of my grave you will see a small flower. Pluck this flower and you must forever keep it in your possession. This miracle flower will bring you much luck and fortune, and you must always remember that." And saying that, the mother passed away. The faithful son wept long and hard at the bedside.

Then following his mother's instruction, he buried her, and when the night came, he went alone to the grave. There he bowed a few times before the grave. When he looked down upon the grave, he saw a small flower spring up, and it was a pure and beautiful one. Plucking the flower, and guarding it carefully, he came home.

In the days that followed, he thought often of his life, and one day he decided that only by going out into the world would he be able to get any opportunies. So taking possession of the flower, he journeyed into the outer world. While on the way, he suddenly came upon a wounded wolf on the roadside.

"And what could be the matter with you, lying there on the road?" the boy demanded.

The wolf said, "A hunter has hurt my leg. If you would

remove the bullet from my leg, I shall be most grateful."

The boy raised the leg of the wolf up, and he took out the bullet.

"You have saved my life, and I shall reward you with one of my hair. Whenever you blow on this hair, you will have whatever you wish come true," the wolf said. The wolf handed the hair to the boy, and suddenly it disappeared into the distance. The boy hid the hair carefully with the flower, and he continued on his way. After traveling for awhile, he came upon a road which led off into three different directions. He did not know which way to turn, so he took out the flower, and he said aloud, "My mother, which way shall I journey to seek my fortune?"

Then the boy laid the flower on the road, and it blew into motion. "Come this way," it spoke out, and it blew toward the left side of the road. The boy continued on until nightfall, and he stopped beneath a large tree. In front of him he saw a fox. The fox came slowly up and said, "A bee has gotten into my ear, and is bothering me. Will you take it out, so as to save my life?"

The boy said, "I will do it most gladly." Then he slipped his fingers into the ear of the fox, and took the bee out. The fox was grateful. "A thousand thanks," it said, "but I must reward you well. If you wish to seek fortune in this world, you must seek out an old mountain woman and spend a few days in her cabin. While there, the old woman would tell you to look after her precious cow for three complete days. If nothing happens to the cow during these

three days, she will reward you with whatever you desire. But you must take an old wind hat in back of the stove near the wall. This hat is a very precious thing, and whenever you put it on your head, you will become invisible to everyone. You must remember these instructions, and you will be all right," and saying that, the fox disappeared into the distance.

The boy spent the whole night underneath the tree. The next day he kept following the moving flower, and thus he went on his way. He continued for a few leagues when he saw a house built of strong iron, and it was then that the flower spoke out, "It is time to hide me again. Whenever I speak, then it will be time for you to take me out again." And so the boy took the flower from the air and hid it away. He approached the door of the iron house slowly, and when he opened it, he was startled to see a queer looking old woman inside. On seeing the young man, she said, "And why have you come here for?" The young man said reverently, "I wish to come here and spend a little time," and the old woman looked at him and said, "I would let you take care of my cow for three days. This cow is a very valuable possession of mine, and you must exercise great care guarding it. If you could take care of this cow without letting anything happen to it, I would reward you with whatever you wish." After she had finished saying that, the old woman brought forth a cow with golden horns, and this she handed over to the young man. Then the boy took the cow to pasture. Now this cow was one of wild nature, and made great trouble for the boy, and he was powerless to care for it. Then he suddenly remembered the hair given to him by

the ~~fox~~ wolf. He quickly blew on it, and to his surprise there were thousands of ~~foxes~~ wolves all around him. They all surrounded the cow, and it was caught in the middle. The cow was powerless and so did not cause anymore trouble. Thus the first day passed away in peace. The second and third day passed calmly, becauses the ~~foxes~~ wolves were still guarding the cow. At nightfall of the third day, the boy took the cow back to the old woman, and when she saw the cow unharmed, she praised the boy for his ability.

"And what do you wish for your reward," she asked the boy, "Do you wish gold, or would you rather have clothes?"

The boy remembered what the fox had told him, and he said, "I would like to have the wind hat that is hanging on the wall." The old woman shook her head, and answered, "The hat is a very precious possession of mine, and I do not wish to part with it."

The boy said, "You have told me that whatever I wish, you will give to me. I only desire the hat."

The old woman said again, "If it is anything else, I shall most willingly grant it. But this hat, never!"

Knowing that nothing else could make the woman give up her hat, the boy quickly ran toward the wall, and put the hat on. Immediately he became invisible. The old woman was unable to see him.

He ran out of the door, and at this moment the flower spoke out again, "Take me out." The boy released the flower from his grasp, and it blew into the air, "Follow me, follow me," it called out.

The boy ran and ran, and soon he came to the top of the hill. By this time, he was all tired out, and settled down on a piece of rock to rest himself. At this moment the flower glided gracefully down, and it spoke out, "Hide me away now." The youth then hid both the flower and the hat under his cloak. And he settled under a large tree to sleep.

The night began to darken. In the middle of the night, the youth was wakened by strange sounds close to him. He startled out of his sleep, and he saw a snake-like creature carrying a little man, ready to devour him. The youth picked up a large flat stone, and with it, he beat the creature. It became frightened, and then scampered away.

The little man, very small, said, "Pick me up in the palms of your hands." The boy did as he was told, and the little man bowed once, and said, "You have saved my life, and I am very grateful to you. That snake-like creature is a phantom. It will come back and make trouble, let us depart."

The youth said to the little man, "There is no need to be afraid. I have in my possession many valuable things."

Just as he said that, there came crawling along the ground a thousand snake-like creatures. Immediately the boy put on the wind hat, and thus he became invisible. Carrying the small man in his hands, he ran down the mountainside. He ran until he reached a cave on the hill. The small man spoke up, "This is my home." The youth lay the ~~by~~ smalling down. The little man said, "Come forward and see my home." And so the boy followed along. The small man opened a door, and they entered into a house built of wood. Entering another door, they came

upon a house built entirely of tin. Then into another room that is built entirely of silver. Then at last they came upon a room built of gold. In the middle of this room there sat an old white-bearded man. On both sides of him were guards all of midget size.

The little midget spoke up to the old man, "Last night in the mountains an old phantom was about to swallow me when this youth save me. That is the reason why I am able to tell you all this now." The little king said to the youth, "You have saved the life of one of my subjects, and I must thank you deeply." Then the old king took out a snow white beard, and this he handed over to the youth, and he said, "If at anytime you need aid for whatever obstacles you might encounter, just blow on this beard, and help will come to you." The youth thanked the king for this gift, and he hid it under his cloak.

The young man must continue with his journey, and he took leave of the midget king. Before he left the king gave him an earthen vessel which was filled with water. And he said to the youth, "A few drops of this water on a stone, will immediately turn the stone into gold."

When they came out to the house of tin, the midget king said, "I shall give you a gun. This gun always shoots straight to its mark, and never miss." The youth thanked the king for all the valuable gifts given to him.

Before he left, the little midget ##### whose life had been saved, came up to the youth and said, "Over yonder there is a hill where an old fierce dragon dwells. This dragon has

captured three human beings. If you come across this dragon, just blow on the beard which was given to you, and I shall come immediately to your aid." The youth understood, and he took his leave of the midget.

He continued on his journey~~ed~~, and while on the road, the flower spoke out again, "Take me out quickly," and this the youth did. The flower flew straight ahead, and the youth followed right after. He kept following the flower until nightfall ~~until~~ when he reached the edge of a great pond. He rested himself on the bank of the pond. He noticed three golden swans on the water. The youth raised his gun and aimed at the smallest of the swans. And he killed it. The other two became frightened and flew away. The dead swan suddenly blossomed forth into a beautiful girl, and she came to the side of the youth and said, "Thank you very much for shooting me. I am now become a person again."

The youth did not understand, and he demanded of the beautiful girl, "I do not understand."

The girl said, "I was originally a daughter of the king nearby. I and my other two sisters were captured by the phantom dragon, and it used its power to change us into three golden swans. If you could change the other swans into human beings again, I shall marry you as your wife."

The youth listened to all this, and he said,"I shall go forward and rescue your two sisters. You wish to come with me too."

The girl was very happy, and she followed the youth along. Very soon they came upon the hill where the dragon dwelled.

And she said, "This is the hill where the dragon lived. And my two sisters are in capture inside. In order to capture ~~her~~ the dragon, it is necessary to break down this hill. You must break it down!"

The youth pondered for a long time, and he thought: How could one person like me be able to wreck such a mountainous hill? Then suddenly he remembered what the little man told him, and he took out the beard, and gave it one blow. Immediately there came into view the midget king and many little men.

The midget king said, "You call us forth to help you wreck this hill, is it not?" The youth nodded.

The king said, "You do not have to take part in this. Just stand at the side and watch us wreck the hill." Then he gave forth a signal, and the many men worked like one and lifted the hill up. They made a big hole on the side of the mountain. Out of the cave now there came two golden swans, and the youth picked up his gun and shot at them. Quickly they changed into two beautiful girls. The three sisters were then reunited and they rejoiced gladly.

Then out from the sky there came forth a terrific sound of thunder. A huge fiery dragon swept over the sky, blowing fire out of its nostrils and mouth. It shot out its fangs ready to devour the boy. The youth quickly put on his wind hat, and thus he became invisible. He raised his gun, and with careful aim, he shot at the body of the dragon. The dragon was shattered into powdery fragments, and thus it died.

At this moment the flower spoke out again, "My son, you

have succeeded in life. I must return to my grave now that my work is done." And saying that, the flower disappeared away.

The youth said out into the open air, "So it was the spirit of my mother after all. My mother who has turned into a flower to help her son in life. I am most grateful to you, mother of mine."

Then the youth took the three sisters back to their father, and he was overjoyed in seeing his daughters again. And he gave the yougest daughter to the youth for a wife, and he also gave over half his kingdom to the boy.

And so the boy and the girl lived happily ever after.

3

There was an old mother, and this mother was very superstitious, and her great ambition in life was to see her daughter married to an intelligent scholar. Therefore, the mother went many times to the temple, and there she knelt before the image of a Goddess, and she said, "A scholar husband for my daughter, Goddess, and I shall be happy."

Now it happened that the first time the mother went there she prayed out loud, and there was a monk then, and he heard the mother. This ~~mother~~ monk was hiding under the table, and when he heard that, he said, "A monk for your daughter, goodwife, for a monk lives to good old age." The mother was startled, and she thought that it was an answer from the Goddess. This same incident happened for many days, and more and more the mother was convinced that the Goddess intends that her daughter be married to a monk.

One day the mother went to the temple in her usual prayer, and there was a monk then, and this monk this time did not hide under the table, and when the mother saw him she said, "I have never seen you around here?"

The monk said, "You are a very religious woman, goodwife."

And then the mother told the monk of what she heard the Goddess saying that her daughter should marry a monk.

And then the monk said, "And why not let your daughter and I become man and wife?"

And the mother said, "But monks are not supposed to be married. They are bachelors, and they live alone."

Then the monk said, "We can have a quiet wedding, and no one would know about it." In the end the mother agreed.

Then the mother went home, and she took her daughter to the monk, and thus were they married. The monk was taking the bride along the road when suddenly there were loud musical instruments coming along the road. The monk was afraid that people were after him, and that people had discovered that he had gotten himself a wife. So quickly he took the wife, and put her into a bag, and then he took this bag, and threw it into the road.

Now it happened that a famous scholar of the village had just came back to the village, and everyone in the village came out to greet this great man back to the town. And this was the noise that the monk heard, and was afraid. And he threw the bag into the road, and disappeared into the thick bushes onnthe road.

This famous scholar came alone the road, and he saw the bag with something inside writhing to and fro. This scholar was afraid that perhaps there was something strange inside, and he told one of his companions to open it. When the bag was opened a young and beautiful girl walked out, and the scholar fell in love with her immediately.

Then the scholar took this beautiful girl home, and he made her his wife.

And so it happened that the daughter did marry a scholar after all, and thus were the mother's prayers answered.

Fairy Tale 7 The Cow who Remembers

XLVI

Jon Lee
Oakland

This story came as a rather big surprise to me, for it resembles a true story we wrote quite a long time ago about a man who was sick, and who finally got well because of his trip down to hell.

This time, it is a fairy tale, and the resemblence is quite similiar to the true story.

Long ago there was an old man, and he had quite an old cow, and this cow was old and aged, and it was of no further use to the old man, so one day the old man took the cow to town, with the hope that perhaps it would bring him ~~be~~ some money, as there ~~was~~ were people who might buy it.

On the road to town the old man met a teacher, and this teacher asked the old man, "And what are you doing with the cow?"

The old man said, "I am leading this cow to market as perhaps I might sell it, for the cow is of no further use to me. He could be butchered, and his meat would bring in a lot of money."

The cow heard what the old man said, and tears came out from its eyes.

The teacher took pity on the cow and he said to the old man, "Sell the cow to me. I would let the cow live until it dies. I would never kill it."

So then the old man sold the cow to the teacher, and the teacher ~~lead~~ led the cow home, and he painted the hoofs of the cow red, so that it would not be mixed up with some other cows.

The teacher took good care of the cow, and the cow lived

on content and happy. The years went by, and soon the cow died of old age, and the teacher griefed very much. He took great care in burying the old cow. And every year during the Festival of the Dead, the teacher would go to the grave of the cow, and there he would weep, and offer foods to the dead cow's spirit.

Now it came to pass that the old teacher became sick, and day by day he got worse. The old pulse reading doctor came and looked at him and then said, "It is an act of nature. For he is suffering from an incurable disease." And they would go away, shaking their heads.

One night the teacher had a terrible bad dream. He dreamt himself sinking deep into the bowels of the earth. Down and down he went until he landed on the very bottom of the earth. There was a big river, and managed to go across it. He wandered around here and there, and he got lost. He tried to find back the river, but he cannot locate it. The teacher became afraid.

Just then a cow with red hoofs stormed out from somewhere and began chasing the teahher, and he became afraid, and he ran and ran. The cow caught caught up with him.

The teacher ~~riseched~~ reached the river, but there was no way of crossing it. Just at that precise moment of moments, the cow lowered ~~his~~ its head, and one great push, it threw the teacher over to the other bank.

The teahher then came out of his dream, and he found that his perspiration was dripping all over the bed.

His old mother said, "What is it that has happened?"

The son said, "I just woke up from a terrible bad dream.

I dreamt that I was lost in the bottom of the earth, and then a cow with red hoofs chased me, and now I found myself awake."

The old mother said, "It is a good sign. The cow with the red hoofs remembered all that you have done for it. It has saved your life."

The next morning the teacher was very surprised to find himself feeling much better and stronger.

Day by day he began to get well. Often in his thoughts he saw the cow with the red hoofs in his imagination wandering around. The man was grateful, and for all that he did to the cow when it was alive, he is now more than fully-repaid. The cow had saved his life and the man was glad that he did not allow the cow's former owner to sell it to another man in town.

LV

Out in the woods one day the two small boys came across a tiger. One of the boys became afraid, and he threw a large stone at it, thus hurting the leg of the tiger. But the one who was not afraid, came forward, and with tender care he wrapped the wound up.

Many years had passed by now, and the two small boys had grown up to be big people. The one who threw the stone at the tiger, had lost his fear of animals, and he had become a famous hunter, and he captured animals and sold them to people who buy them from him. The one who wrapped up the wound of the tiger grew up to be a very famous school teacher.

One day then the animal hunter went out into the dense forest to capture some animals, for he needed them for his animal show which he was planning to take around to the different cities. He saw a tiger on the hill far away, and he approached toward it then. Now it happened that this tiger was the same tiger at which this hunter threw the stone at long ago. The tiger was very cunning, and he tried to resist capture, but the hunter was more clever than ~~he~~ it was. The tiger remembered this hunter, and it snarled a loud groaning sound at him. But the hunter did not know that the tiger was the one he met on the road when he was a child.

The tiger was captured. And the hunter put it into a strong bamboo cage, one so strong that he was sure the tiger cannot get out of. The hunter took his animal show from town to town, and then one day he reached the town where his boyhood friend lived in.

And this boyhood friend ~~is~~ was the school teacher now.

One day the school teacher went to see this animal show, and the tiger, caged up in his small surroundings knew and recognized the man as the one who took care of his wound when he was hurt. But the school teacher had forgotten that incident long ago.

Well, the school teacher met his old friend the hunter again, and the hunter told him, "I have captured a tiger. I never saw such a tiger, so ferocious, so menacing whenever I go near him. I am afraid someday he might hurt someone." So the school teacher and the hunter went to see the tiger in his cage, and when the school teacher drew near, the tiger became very quiet, so quiet that it startled the hunter and he said then, "I wonder what it is that today the tiger is so quiet, He never acted like this before."

For many days after that the school teacher went to the animal show, and again and again when he came near the tiger, it became very quiet.

One day the hunter put a piece of meat into the tiger's cage, when suddenly with the lightning of speed, the tiger reached out and got hold of the hunter's hand. The hunter gave forth a loud yell, and it happened that the school teacher was nearby, and he yelled to the tiger, "Stop!" And indeed the tiger let go of the hunter's hand. Everyone was surprised, but the most surprised of all was the school teacher himself.

He yelled out unintentionally and the tiger had obeyed him. He was awed.

One day the hunter discovered that the tiger was incontrollable, and he called the school teacher to him and said, "I am giving the tiger away. You shall be the one to have it.

I found that the tiger had become fond of you."

The school teacher accepted the tiger, and it grew to be as tame as a kitten. The teacher let the tiger wander around the school yard. The children grew to be fond of it.

One day there was an important excursion, and the pupils and the teacher, and of course the tiger went along.

One of the little boys fell into the water and he began to drift away. There was no one who knew how to swim, and the tiger rushed into the water, and pulled the boy to shore. The tiger could not swim, and it finally sank into the bottom of the pond, but the boy was saved.

The body of the tiger was taken up then and buried in the school yard. The teacher and children mourned the death of the faithful animal.

People came to hear about the school, and about the loving tiger. And the parents sent their childfen to the school, and soon the teacher had so many pupils, and he made so much money that he finally tore down the old building, and built a good strong school there. And this all came about because of the tiger.

The school teacher had done a kind deed when he was young. Now the tiger had repaid him.

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Jon Lee rewrite

A Chinese Tragedy

There are many reasons why the Chinese come over here to America. The predominating one is that they come here to work, to make a home for themselves and their children. Others are here to study in the great schools and colleges, and there are some who are fortunate enough to come here for a pleasure trip, to acquaint themselves to this land that is known as America. But there are a few who come here, not by their own will, but through forces unknown to them. Such an one is the beautiful girl who came here about eleven years ago and whose life is wrecked because of a cruel fate played upon her.

Her life is wrecked because of lust for money, not on her own part, but on the part of her schemers who saw in her the means of enriching themselves.

I saw her many times in the streets of Chinatown, walking in her very feminine way, and dressed in the most modern style of Chinese clothes. Her skin was as soft as velvet, glowing with a fascinating pinkness. Her complexion was creamy white, and absolutely flawless as far as the naked eye can see. She wore two huge diamond rings, one on each hand. On her ears there were large pearl earrings. Around her delicate neck was hung a solid ~~god~~ gold necklace. Her wrists were decorated with bracelets and a wrist watch.

Whenever I saw her, she had on a different dress. Even though she was a beautiful woman, there was nothing in her action or movement to reveal that she was a member of the vice racket.

In fact, there was a sweet virginity about her that belied her actual person. Here eyes were clear and bright, and she possessed a figure that all women might envy. She was of the right height, and of the right proportion. Her voice was low and well modulated with an interesting masculine timbre. Although men always stared at her whenever she passed them, she did not look at them, but continued to go on her way in a very calm manner.

I first became acquainted with her when she came to the store to visit. At that time she had left the house she used to work in, and was married to a rich properous business man. Her beauty was so fresh, so delicate, so healthful too, that it is hard to believe that she had gone through what she did.

I saw her many times after that first visit, and each time I became more interested in her as a person. I wanted to know more about her, about her life,her childhood.

Fortunately for me, I found out before it was too late that it would never do to question her directly about her life. For her life was one of suffering and bitterness, and it would be embarrassing for me to ask her about it, and for her to tell me about it.

Her life story is probably typical of many other Chinese girls who were, through unfortunate circumstances, brought here to America to earn money through the vice rackets.

The story had its beginning a little over ten years ago. The girl was only sixteen then, living in the city in China. Her family was well off, but not rich. Her parents

were already thinking of her marriage at that early age. They wanted her to be married to a young man who had a business in America, and who could support her with a reasonable amount of conveniences that she was used to.

It happened at this time that there was a madame who was looking for more girls for her house. Business was prosperous and she did not have enough girls to supply the demand for them. She finally paid a certain man a good amount of money, and it was his mission to go back to China to bring over some young girl for her. It was his duty to tell the girl that he was going to marry her when he reach America, but the madame would arrange everything after that. He would get his money, and there would be no obligation on his part. He agreed to this proposition.

He went back and brought a young girl over here. Little did the girl realize the situation she was in. She was only conscious of that fact that at last she was to see America. She would be married there, and have her home there. And the young man who was to be her husband had told her that he was taking her to his Godmother.

The trip across the ocean was like a much too happy dream to be real, and the girl expected to wake up at any moment to discover that her mind was imagining everything. Then as America drew near day by day, she knew definitely that it was not a dream, but a reality which she would soon experience.

Little did she dream of the hellish torture she was sailing into when the boat drifted slowly into the Golden

Gate. Little did she know that someday she would return to her homeland, disillusioned, tired of life.

The young man left the girl in the care of the madame, and he quickly disappeared. The girl was left alone, and day by day she eagerly awaited the return of the young man. But he never came back. At last the girl realized what had happened to her. She was in a new land, without any friends or relatives, and there was nothing for her to do except to comply with the request of the madame. Forced into a life she did not like, she went about it the best she could, but all the time she was unhappy.

During the years she was at the house, she made the acquaintance of numerable young men, but there was one who felt sorry for her. He won her confidence, and she told him her story. Realizing how she felt, knowing how much she hated to do what she was doing, the young man decided to get her out of the troubles she was in.

He had the old madame put into jail. He searched out the young man who brought the girl over here, and had him sentenced to five years in jail.

At this time the young girl went into an institution, but while there, she did not have much freedom. But she was freed from the dirt and filth which she was accustomed to for so long. For the first time she forgot about men completely. Then, spending her leisure time in the enclosure of the institution, there came into her mind a deep hatred for all men. She looked upon them as savage animals who wanted her not for herself, but for her body. All they cared

for was pleasure and lust.

Slowly, but steadily she made up her mind then that someday she would revenge her bitterness by making men pay for what they did to her. She would enjoy herself, buy expensive jewels and clothes, but the men were going to pay for them.

And after she had taken money from one man until he had no more, she would leave him and get another one.

While at the institution, the girl learned the English language, and she learned how to sew. There were many other girls at this place, some here because they were orphans, others because they were sent there by their mothers. But the majority of them were girls who went there voluntarily, because they had to escape from some evil, either personal or maritial. They stayed there until they are married off to some dependable young man, or until someone promised to care for them and give them a home.

The young girl was lonely in the institution, and she longed to get out of it, and the only way is to have someone marry her. She longed intensely for the outside world once more, to see some other side of life which she had never seen before.

As to answer her prayer, there came a young man to the institution one day. He wanted a wife, he said, and he would like to look over all eligible girls. The girls lined up in the room, and without any hestitation whatsoever, he picked this young girl as the one he wanted. After all arrangements had been made, he took her into the country to

live. Business was ~~pppper~~ prosperous, and money began to pour in quickly.

The young wife had jewels, money, and all the clothes she desired. She spent money extravagantly, and the young husband let her do it, for he made enough money to allow that. But the inevitable separation came soon.

After a year and a half of living with the man, the wife got tired of him. She had everything she wanted, but she wanted to conquer still another man, to make other men suffer as she did. The young husband was surprisingly shocked when he learned that the wife was leaving him. He had treated her with all due consideration, and he never expected this to happen.

It is hard to tell whether the wife loved him or not. She was so bitter against men that she probably did not know what love is.

She left the country and came out to San Francisco alone. Here she made the acquaintance of another man. He was rich and well to do. The woman knew that she had discovered the right man. She was all prepared to take him down, to force him to lavish all his money and wealth on her.

At this time she was slightly over twenty years of age. The rich man was over forty. She showed signs of affection toward him. Soon the man asked her to marry him. She secretly thrilled at her conquest. The first step was won.

However, before she was free to be married, the rich man had to pay over to the first husband a definite sum of money before he could marry her.

This marriage proved to be a failure. After the wife had taken a great amount of money and jewels from this second husband, she left him suddenly. She was always quarreling with him. He didn't want her to stay out late, but she did. Sometimes they quarreled two or three times a day. Finally she left him, a rich and prosperous woman.

She was free again, and ready to prey upon another wealthy man. She found him soon, an old man of fifty-one which she later married.

Now during all this time of married life to three different men, all wealthy ones, the woman had acquired an immense amount of money and jewels. These she kept strictly for herself. No one knew outside of herself, how much she possessed. Despite the amount of riches she possessed, she was always asking for more.

Her third husband allowed her a certain amount of money each week. But she was not satisfied with the amount. She wanted much more. She threatened to leave her husband if he did not comply with her wishes. Bitter quarrels raged back and forth. Once more the wife had a desire to be free again. This time she wanted to go back to the homeland that she left ten years ago, to go back to the folks she once knew and had now ##### forgotten. She came to America a sweet young girl, and now she was returning a bitter, selfish woman, old in spirit and life.

She wanted to go back as quickly as possible. She did not want to go through the proceedings of a divorce because of the troubles.

When she left America, she sold all her jewels and furniture to her friends. Possessing only a great amount in cash, she left America forever, never to return again.

In China what she will do, no one knows. Perhaps she will change over and reform. Or perhaps she will go with her conquest of rich men. Like La Esmeralda in one of Hugo's stories, she too is like a spider caught in its own web, and the web is life itself. But there is a chance that the spider may get out of it.

A Chinese Tragedy

XXXIX

Jon Lee
No. Three
7 Hours

We had written about wantons, about gamblers, about women who had lost their honor because of men, that the reader would probably think that the Chinese are a very bad lot. The reason why we wrote about those people is because they interested so immensely.

We said that the Chinese came over here to work, to study, and some to visit. Others are here for other reasons. Some are here because of unfortunate circumstances. Like the strange story which we wrote not so long ago called, "The Strange Woman." Not only in the lives of the Chinese do such things happen. In every country, in every city, in every land, society is faced with problems of crime and sex which baffled authorities who tried to make his community a save and decent place for the people to live in.

Another reason why we like to write about ~~this~~ these uncommon and rather shocking tales, is because they are so uncommon and unheard of that they should be of rather great interest to many of us. Many times we had written stories told to us by someone else. Although we are not talking directly to the person we are writing about, nevertheless we are able to get a true and correct account of the life of the person we are writing about through well informed authority. We do not like to do too much of this but we have a weakness for the doing of these things. So we do them.

This story is about a woman ~~who~~ whose story parallels the story of "The Strange Woman" to a certain degree. But there ~~is~~ are great differences between the lives of the two persons.

Now this woman does not know we are writing this story about her. Perhaps it does not matter so very much. She is going back to China in a few days. Once gone, she can never come back here again. So it does not matter even if we write about it.

Now I do not know this woman at all. I saw her once in awhile in Chinatown. She was always with another woman when she went out. Now this woman was really beautiful. Skin as soft as velvet, but not so thick at least. Her complexion is creamy-pink. Absolutely flawless as far as the naked eye is concerned. She was dressed in the most modern of Chinese styles. And on her hands she had two huge diamond rings. And on her ears she had two huge pearl earrings. She also had a solid gold chain necklace around her delicate neck. And also she had bracelets and wrist watch.

One day I was rather surprised to see at our house. She was with the other woman. That other woman knew my mother slightly. And that certain day she happened to come over to Oakland and she dropped in for a visit. Now none of us in our family knew this beautiful woman. Some of us knew her by sight, but not by name.

I just came home that day after seeing "Little Men" at the Central theatre. It was raining and the weather was very cold. I came home and found the two women warming themselves around the fire-place talking about this and that. It was about half past nine and someone suggested that we played mah jong. Since the two women are staying overnight in Oakland anyhow, they said that they would remain for the game. Now there was not enough for a foursome so my mother told me to play. And I did.

About twelve o'clock we finished and my brother had to accompany the two ladies back to where they were staying, because they were afraid of the darkness.

Now the next week, on a Sunday afternoon she came over too. I became interested in her, goodness no, not in that way, but in the sense that I wondered what kind of life she led and what kind

or work she do. Since I was working in this work, I thought perhaps I could get some information and write a story about her. Imagine my surprise when I was told it would absolutely never do to question her about her life. It simply would never do.

For her life too, was determined by unfortunate circumstances.

And the story as told to us is like this:

"It was ten years ago that this happened. At that time the girl was only sixteen years of age. Now at that time in San Francisco there was old woman who was running one of those places that respectable people do not speak of. She wanted more girls for the place. So she paid a huge amount of money over to a certain young man in order that he might help her out. The young man got the money. His mission was to go back and bring a girl over here. That is, he had to promise to marry the girl. He went back and he brought this young girl over here. He brought her to that place. He told the girl that that was the place where his god mother lived. He left the young girl there and then he ran away into the country.

"The girl was left alone in the care of the old woman. She did not know what to do. She was waiting for the young man who promised to marry her. Soon as the days went by she knew what had happened to her. She was very unhappy. But she had no choice. She did what was told, but she was very unhappy while doing this sort of work. Many young man got to know her very well. One of them sympathized with her. He knew how she must have suffered. Soon the girl came to trust this young man. She told him the story of her life. And the young man felt sad for her. He decided to help her get out of the mess. Because he was so very sorry for the girl.

"The young girl was happy. All the time that she was doing this sort of work, inside of her she rebelled against it. The sooner that she get out of this sort of life, the happier she would be. So the young man had the old woman arrested. And the young man who brought the girl over here was sentenced to five years in jail.

"The young girl went into a certain institution. A sort of a school, but without much freedom in it. Now there was another man who lived in the country who knew this girl. He like her very much. He wanted to marry her.

"While the girl was spending her days in the school she said to herself that life was cruel. Unjust. Pitiful. She decided that men were just animals, savages. All they cared for were pleasure and beauty. And they did not care how they got it. Slowly but steadily the young lady formed in her mind that someday somehow she would revenge and enjoyed herself at the expenses of men. So when the man from the country offered to marry her she accepted. She did not love him at all. For what is love to her after all these years of hell and torture. She would use all of his money make him buy her jewels and diamonds and then she would run away from him and get another man. And then she would do the same to him. And all the time she would be enjoying herself at their expenses.

"Before the girl could come out of that school the young man had to pay a bail. Then the girl came out. She married the man from the country. And they moved into the country to live. There the man had a good business. And the man made a lot of money.

"The young lady had jewels, money, and clothes. She just spent and spent and the man bought her whatever she wished.

"After a year and a half of living with this man she got tired of him. She wanted to leave him. The man was shocked. The young lady came out to San Francisco alone. The man was frantic. At San Francisco the young lady made the acquaintance of another man. This man had money, he is what the Americans would call a "sugar daddy." The young lady liked him a lot. At that time she was only a little over twenty years of age. The sugar daddy was well in the forties.

"She later married this man. Amd that man had to pay over to the man in the country a big sum of money before he would allow the other man to marry his former wife. And as with her former husbands she had money; she had jewels; and she had clothes. And she stayed away from home till late at night. She stayed over at a girl friend's house four times a week. The new husband did not like it. They began to have quarrels. First once a week, then two or three times a day. Soon nothing can be done and the lady left that man.

"She was out free again and ready to prey upon another man with plenty of wealth. She found him soon. This time it was an Oakland man. Yes, he too was very wealthy. He was old. Not too old, but he was fifty-one. She married him. And there was a lot of trouble. But that was peacefully settled after a great deal of difficulty.

"Now while she was in Oakland, she went over to San Francisco very often. And her husband ~~does~~ did not like it so much. They began to quarrel. There was no harmony in the home. During all this time the woman had accumulated a great amount of jewels and money. Whenever she wanted money to spend she always asked the man for it. Even though she had a lot of her own money she did not spend it.

"She always asked the man for money. First the man allowed her so much a week. But as the weeks went by she demanded more and more. Soon the man said why she wanted so much she had not much expenses since he bought everything for her. The woman threatened to leave the man if he did not comply with her wishes. So the man gave the woman what she wished for a few weeks more. Then he realized that that would never do. So he stopped his allowances until the lady decided to take less. The woman would not. She wanted that much and she is going to get it.

"So they quarelled and quarelled. And then the lady told the man to send her back to China because she did not like to live here any more. She did not want a divorce because there was too much trouble. She had been married so many times. And separated so many times. So the man decided to send her back to avoid all the bitter quarrels they had been having. Now the lady bought a great deal of new and high-priced furniture. Since she was going back she sold it all to her friends at a much lower cost than what she originally paid for them. She sold many of her jewels and rings without letting her husband know anything about it.

"In China what is going to happen to her no one knows. Perhaps she would continue with her search for more men to take money away from or perhaps she would change over and reform. No one knows. Meanwhile it is hoped that everything would come out for the best."

And so here we have another one of those stories which we like to write so much about. As we said before, after all this writing about unfaithful men and women one would think that most Chinese are like that.

But they are not.

Perhaps in the near future we will write about the prince and the princess who live happily hereafter. And we will cover the story with an abundance of sugar and sweetness.

At least it will be a change for us. For those who are puritanical will like that sort of cream puff stories. Delicate and charming.

But we would rather take strong red meat stuff. Yes sir.

The story of this woman is rather strange and unusual. Because it is only once in a bluemoon that we hear of a Chinese woman who married two or three times. In fact it was said that she married four times. Very soon in a few days she will sail away from America. She will never come back, because she can not. She will go back to the land where about eleven years ago she came over here with the intention of marrying a young man. What thoughts there are in her mind, what's sufferings in her eyes one will never guess.

She must be rather unhappy after what had happened to her. But perhaps after all these long years she had forgotten what unhappiness is. Perhaps she is having a lot of fun chasing around from one person to another. Perhaps not.

In China she might change over. But it is doubtful.

She is another of the many whose life is broken and perhaps ruined because of events that happened to her. Not that it was her fault at all. Like La Esmeralda in one of Hugo's stories she too is like a spider caught in its own web. And the web is life itself.

But there is a chance that the spider might get out of it.

Jon Lee

An Interview with a Teacher

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During the time that I was at that school, I managed to learn quite a lot in spite of the fact that six years in a Chinese school is considered as no time at all.

The school hours are from five in the evening to nine. On Saturday the hours are from nine in the morning to noon. So that the only time that the teacher has time to talk is in the afternoon on week days.

One afternoon I went to see him. I remembered this teacher very well as a man who do not like to have people ask him too many questions. But I also ~~know~~ knew that this teacher is very well informed in world affairs, and he is also interested in public affairs. I felt sure that if I could make him understand, he would be glad to tell me what I wish to know. I was not wrong.

Of course it wasn't until we have talked about ten minutes that we really got to the talking of conditions in China and in America.

He said,"Generally speaking, China is considered a poor nation. America is known as a rich nation. That is the main difference between the two countries." After a pause he continued. "In the small hamlets and villages the people are called fortunate if they have two square meals a day. They eat rice, salted fish, and greens. On special occasions they have chicken, roasted duck, and other rich foods." And smiling, he added,"And of course, a man usually drinks a glass of wine before each meal if he can afford it. If not, the meal is followed by a simple glass of tea."

"You have been here for over forty years. You must have been quite young when you came over?"

"I was going on twenty. Ihave graduated from a private school. I finished the junior high school, high school in China. Of course, at that time they do not teach English in the schools. When I came over I did not know a single word of English. Even now, I know but a few scant phrases of the English language. I did not attend any school in America."

"How long have you been teaching school?"

"When I first came over to this country, I worked at different jobs. I was dissatisfied with what I was doing. Many years passed before I started my teaching career. Ten years later I discontinued my teaching and went back to China. During this time Ah Yong, a student of mine took care of my school. "

"On your last visit to China did you find any changes that impress you?"

"I noticed that the important cities are much more modernized. There are electric lights on the streets. Also the streets are more clean, therefore, more sanity. In the little village where my folks lived there is no noticeable change."

"What did you do in China before you came over to America?"

"Most of my time were spent at school. My father is not known as a rich man. But we never suffer from poverty. I never work at any regular job."

"What kind of education did you receive at the different schools.?"

"As I said before, the schools at that time taught the Chinese language only. They also have mathematics. I learned how to use the abacus. I studied the ancient Chinese classics. The schools at that time stressed the importance of the teachings of Confucius and Mencius. Physical education was not considered important. To-day it is one of the important subjects in the schools. In my school now I do not attempt to teach the children the wise sayings of Confucius or Mencius. They do not have enough time. In the morning they go to the English school and in the evening they come here. Of course, they stay here from two to three hours depending on how fast or how slow they do their work. And after they go home they usually have to do from one to two hours of English homework. For this reason I never give homework to my students."

"How do the students over here compare to the students back in China?"

"In the first place it is hard to compare the students here and the students back there. Back in China all of the time is devoted to the Chinese language. Naturally those students have more time to concentrate on the subject. The students over here have the English school to look after. They naturally could not carry as many different subjects as the others. What we are doing now at the school here is to teach the important things that are required to be successful in business life. We do not find it necessary to teach our students the old classics although some of the works we teach here are handed down from long ago. The most important thing that we are teaching our students is the art of writing personal and business letters. Most of the mothers considered their sons well educated if they can read and write a letter."

He continued, "Sometimes it seems that so much time spent in the English and Chinese school is a little too much for the students. They either are slow in their work or they are tired out. We tried to make the work as light as possible and yet at the same time not to sacrifice any of the good qualities. One every six months we have a huge examination."

"What is your main reason for coming over to America?"

"The chief reason for my coming over is to make a living. Another reason why I came over is the traveling habit in me.

"Another but less important reason is that I have friends over here."

"Do you remember anything about this country that was important in your early days?"

"I was living in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake. I managed to be among those who are fortunate enough to save ourselves. Right after the earthquake I came over to Oakland with a group of friends. I remembered Lake Merritt particularly well. At that time the lake was a filthy place. It was just a lake with muddy brown waters. People avoided it because of the evil smell that ejected from it. Today Lake Merritt is one of the show spots of Oakland."

"Do you plan to return to China?"

"Yes, I do. Everyone of us who came from China always have a longing to return to the country someday. We do not know why. It is just a longing that exists in our minds.. I have been teaching school for a long time and I haven't much time to think about going back to China. But I intent to go back for another visit soon or perhaps to stay there permanently."

"One of the things that I wish to know is what effects have the recent depression show itself in your school?"

"Little or no effects at all", he answered. "Students did not drop from the school. And new students came in regularly as usual. And as you probably know, this is not a public school, but a private one. I teach all of the classes myself. Only lately, I employ another man to help me out with my work.

"Do you think that if you had never came over, would you be doing the same kind of work in China?"

"Yes, I think that I would be teaching school in China. I train myself for that job. My son is over here studying in the university. Of course, he graduated already. When he went back to China not so long ago, he work on a government project. He is an engineer. He is also an architect."

"DO you manage to make a living in your school work?"

"I do not make much money in my work. But I do make enough to paid expenses. My only amusements are the stage shows in San Francisco and reading books."

"Do you go to the cinema much?"

"For the last ten years I have never entered a motion picture theater. My eyes are not as strong as they use to be."

"What do you think about the children born over here in America? How do they compare with children born in China?"

"The most noticeable thing that happens to children that are born over here is the fact that they are not so weak as children born in China. They seem to be larger and taller. There are exceptions. Another thing is that they are not so Chinese-looking as the others who are born in China. It is a little hard to explain what I mean. But if a American-born Chinese is placed next to a China-born Chinese, you would notice the tremendous difference. And the people born over here are not as superstitous as the people born over there. When the Chinese first came over

here they brought with them all the traditions and manners of the old country. But as their children grew older and older, they began to adopt some of the American customs and drop some of the ancient Chinese customs. I remembered very well my childhood in China. During the new year and other important holidays, my mother would be busy with this and that. And there is oone thing she never forget to do and is to light two red wax candles and put them on the table where there is also a boiled chicken and three cupful of rice and also three glasses of wine. And she would then take each one of the children and lead them to the table and make them bow in front of the candles. And then she would mutter such things as: 'Make my boy a smart boy. Make my daughter a good daughter.' And all sort of silly things. Now in America this practice is still carried on by the old people. The younger generation pays no attention to it. And little by little the traditional ceremonies of the olden times are forgotten.

"Another thing that the people do in those days were to go to a sort of fortune telling person to have their future told. It is not like the card reading or the palm reading that we see much of in America. Instead it is very much different. They would go to an old woman who makes it their living by reading people future. I saw how they do it just once. First the old woman took a round box in which there ~~is~~ are one hundred bamboo slits. She took the box and shook it up and down until one of the slits drop out. On each one

of the bamboo there is a number. The numbers are from one to a hundred. If it happens that the slit contains the number one, all that the person has to do is to look up in the fortune telling book and read the first saying. Almost every family do this once a year. In Oakland, not so long ago there was an old woman who do this sort of work. I do not think that she is living now."

"Do you do anything else besides doing schoolwork?"

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"I won't bother you any longer. I know you don't have much time now. Thanks a lot for the information."

"Before you go I want to give you a book that I recently bought. I want you to read it. And if you do not understand it or if anything is not clear just come up and I would be glad to explain to you."

"All right, I would be sure to come up when I have time."

I have been talking to a man who really knows what he is talking about. I feel as if I have learn a lot about my country that I did not know before.

This man has been in this country for over forty years. And yet during that time he has not been out of the state of California. Almost all of his life has been devoted to teaching. There is nothing exciting in his life. He is happily married. His wife is still living in China. And his old mother is still alive. His father has been dead for many years. His son is now married. He is going to continue with his teaching career. He is in good health . He is not worrying about the future. Perhaps ten years from now he would still be teaching school. And when the time draws near that he thinks he should go back to his homeland, he would depart from this country and his life long desire would be fulfilled.

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The Festival for the Dead

Jon Lee
Oakland

Either the Chinese don't care or else they are simply ignorant of the history of China. Time and time again when we ask with infantile curiosity, "Can you tell us something about the holidays?" we ~~always~~ get the answer, "Well, I can't tell you very much." They'll say something about this and that and that's all they can say.

"You have to go to ~~those~~ old people to get anything," they'll say. So in a desperate attempt to educate myself, I finally went to the old Chinese teacher with the hope that perhaps he can tell me something. I must admit that more or less the talk was quite disappointing, as I hardly had a chance to talk at all.

So on a certain day I humbly rang his doorbell, and fortunately he was at home.

"Are you very busy?" I said to him.

"No, what can I do for you?"

So I hastily explained to him that I wished to know something about the holidays of my own country, and find out the difference between the celebrations in the old country and over here. The first thing that he did was to go to the closet and ~~brought~~ bring out three volumes of thick books, which were thickly covered with dust and cobwebs.

"I've forgotten some of the dates myself," he said, and he began to turn the pages, squinting his near-sighted eyes. "Americans are very particular about dates," he continued, "and if they ask you to explain, look where you will be if you cannot explain them."

I sat down on a stool, waiting for him. After exactly

fifteen minutes, fifteen long minutes in which the teacher's eyes romped here and there, he finally went back to his seat and picked up his brush and wrote down a series of dates. He mentioned something about the year, 2,205, the year, 1911 and many things with the old calandar and the ~~old~~ new. I told him that I did not wish to know about dates, but about customs and traditions, but he paid no attention to me. Then some more looking into the books, and some more writing, and after an hour and a half he gave me a piece of paper which contained some dates, and a little explanation of the holidays. I didn't have anymore time, so I finally left him, deciding to take a course on Einstein's Theory of Relativity, after the confused explanations of dates and calendars.

All I got was a piece of paper and a few dates, and a sentence or two telling about them. That was not enough to write about, so I began to ask everyone who would listen to me ~~and~~ tell me something. And finally after some information here and a little there, I got enough to write something about the Festival for the Dead.

In China in the little villages and hamlets when a person ~~person~~ dies, there is usually an elaborate funeral, and a great deal of fuss and bother always accompany it. With those who are rich and can afford it, the funeral is so expensive and fancy that a great deal of money and richness ~~are~~ is connected with it.

Even if a person is poor, he will have a funeral, but on a much smaller scale, but nevertheless all the confusion and sadness will be prominent.

When a person dies, he is not buried immediately. He is laid down on the wooden floor for three whole days for all to see and observe. And from the towns the priests and nuns would come and chant around the dead body for days at a stretch. Their wailings and plaintive sobs would fill the whole atmosphere of the house. All this time the members of the family would cry and cry and perhaps join in the chanting with the dreary procession of priests. After the numbers of days pass by the body is put into a plain wooden coffin and carried across to the hills where it is buried.

Then for a periodsof years or months, depending greatly upon the section of the country, the members of the family would refrain from wearing jewelry, and the women would not wear silk for a number of years.

Of course after the proper amount of years has gone by, then it is right to do anything one wishes.

Now in China in almost every siggle hills one comes across, one is liable to stumble into a cemetery. In these cemeteries lie the bones of generations of people. On top of this crude earth strange ceremonies have taken place. Mothers have come to weep to their departed children, lovers to weep for their lost dreams. Now it is only proper to set aside a certain day when the whole group of people proclaim the day as a holiday. But in China there is no definite date. The rich who has the money celebrates earlier than those who are poor. But no matter when they celebrate, they celebrate it in the same month.

In villages and places where the population is but a few hundred, the whole group celebrate together. First a

a definite date is settled and everyone who wishes to take the excursion to the open air temple usually goes to the general store of the town and donate his share of money for buying meat. Now in the little towns and villages meat is not a thing that one can get everyday. So for an important holiday like the festival of the Dead, it is absolutely necessary that every one who wishes to join in the celebration should donate his share. The man at the store ~~would~~ put his name on the paper and how much he donates.

When the day for the Festival of the Dead arrives, all those who are to make the excursion get up early and prepare for it. A few roast pigs are ready for this day and these are carried to the open air temple which is usally two or three miles away. Now everyone, young and old ~~would~~ walk the whole way, but those who can afford transportation ~~would~~ ride there. And the people ~~would~~ bring along rice, tea, and cups and chop-sticks and all the necessary articles that are demanded for the day.

Usually the open air cave is built of cheap clay, like a deep tavern. And the hordes of people ~~would~~ go up there and ~~lit~~ light their punks and candles and say prayers to the already departed. Then the roast pig is carefully weighed and divided in equal parts to all those who have a share in the paying of it. Then the mothers, or fathers ~~would~~ pour out three cups of tea and put them down on the ground, light incense and golden papers. After that they ~~would~~ drop a little tea from each one of the cups and let it drop down on the ground, trying as exactly as possible to make a straight line with the dripping

tea. After that they feast and eat the meals right on the cemetery's ground. Those who did not pay a share of the money for the pig usually have nothing unless one of the kind neighbors give some to him. Otherwise he must be content just to be with nothing. After eating and feasting the whole group would tred homeward and bring back whatever they can. Of course, the candles and incense they leave at the grave. And sometimes a little food they would leave there. Now when the group of people come home they would feast again too. And whatever leftovers they have they would leave out of doors for the beggars who would come and get it the morning. And thus the holiday is celebrated.

But do we have anything like this over here in America? Yes, but minus much much much of the elaborate details. Fortunately no dead body is allowed to be left in the house for three days (Thank Goodness!).

Over here in America no matter how rigidly the Chinese believe in the old customs, we can say quite convincingly that when a person dies, much of the wailing and chanting is left out. But on the other hand, I remember from my old experience that when a person died, the mother in the family would start to sing a song, weird and eerie from the moment the person dies till someone either stops her or when she gets so exhausted she has to stop herself.

This weird chanting would last at the very least two hours or more, but some last all through the day. It would throw shuddering into the hearts of hearers just to hear it. It is like a long song, that goes on forever and forever, like the regular beat of a tom tom drum. Listening for only a few

minutes a sort of melancholy and despair would creep over to the listener and he would try to go far away to somewhere to avoid it, but no matter how far he goes, he would seem to hear that rhythm, the wailing drumming into his head. A most strange experience for anyone who has been through it.

Of course, not everyone does this. Only those old women of China, even though they might be modernized to a great degree, do it unconsciously.

Now to skip back to the old country for a minute. We got this information from a man about the ways of celebration of the Festival of the Dead in his particular village.

First we must explain something about the Chinese calendar, not that we think we will be able to do it clearly, but we could try. In Chinese time, there are two distinct calendars know as the New Calendar and the Old Calendar. The Old Calendar has been in use since time immortal, and after China has become a republic a new calendar was made. Although the Old Calendar is completely done away with officially, nevertheless the people would follow it and celebrate the holidays according to it.

The old calendar is a very difficult thing to explain. And the holidays doenot come on regular days as in American history. For instance you take the holiday, Chinese Christmas, and I have been told that it comes according to a certain amount of days after a certain holiday, and the Festival of the Dead comes exactly one hundred and sixty days after Chinese Christmas. But in some years there are thirteen months on the Chinese calendar, and in other years there are only twelve, so that no definite date could be set for certain holidays.

Most of the holidays are connected with one another somehow, and the date for the celebration of a holiday is determined by the date of the previous holiday. There are certain holidays that have definite dates, and some that have no definite date, such as the Festival of the Dead, although it always comes on the month of March.

But to go back to the man who describes the celebration in his village.

First, he explains, is to determine how many people of the village wishes to go. Anyone under sixteen is ineligible to make the excursion to the temple. Then the whole group of people is divided into six or seven small groups. From this six or seven small groups are chosen two persons, and they are the two who take care of all the arrangement, the food, the amount of money to spend, and all necessary details. Now these two men have grandfathers who died many years ago, and the land that he left ~~are~~ is rented out to tenants. And every year on the day of the Festival of the Dead, the two who are selected, go around to their father's or grandfather's land and gather a certain amount of money from each tenant. All the money is to be used for the celebration. On the day of the festival, everything ~~would~~ will be ready and the journey up the mountains ~~would~~ will start.

There is the usual praying, the lighting of candles and the burning of papers.

Then everyone ~~would~~ will sit down of the ground and eat rice, drink tea. In case there is anything left over, the people ~~would~~ bring it back and leave it outside the house, so that

the beggars could come and get it. Now those two men who pay for the celebration ~~could~~ may not ever go and celebrate again until every single one of that group who has gone with him has have a chance to pay for one of these excursions. It would take a period of many years for these two men to ever able to go up again.

This is only one way in which the holiday is celebrated. Doubtless there are many other different varieties and ways, all depending on the clan, and different sections of the country.

In America much of this is left out. Although there are six big clans that follow the celebration, minus much of the fuss and bother.

Most of the Chinese visit the grave of the dead ones, on their day of death, or their birthday. Some only go on American Armistice day, and they make the trip once a year. Many many do not follow the Chinese calendar at all. They either go on Armistice day or on the day in which the person dies. Those who are superstitious ~~would~~ make paper clothes of shoes, stockings, dresses, and they ~~would~~ burn them on the grave of the departed one. And they ~~would~~ bring chos and bowls and filled them with rice and tea, and they would burn incense, ~~and~~ also lay flowers on the tombstone.

Those who are thoroughly modern ~~would~~ only bring flowers and visit the grave of the lost one. They do not sort of celebration.

Although many have a picture of the dead person in the house, and every evening they would burn a glass of oil all

through the night. And near the picture they would make a little shelf, and on this shelf there would be placed in plentiful quantity flowers, fresh fruits, and incense. And every single day of the year a bright flow of oil burning in front of the picture. Most people have only the picture and no sort of custom which they follow.

I heard in one case that when a person dies in China, his picture is taken down and hidden away forever, and no one would ever get a chance to see it. Fortunately in America nothing like this happen or ever will.

It all goes back to this. In China the elaborate celebration is prominent and still is and will be. In America the celebration is very plain, and not in the very near future probably would be done away with. By that I mean that instead of having a Festival of the Dead, the Chinese people will only visit the grave once a year either in Armistice Day, or whenever they wish it.

The future generation of Chinese will, when visiting the graves, find very little excitement and perhaps wonder at the still elaborate and fancy customs of the forever sleeping villages of the old country.

Meanwhile we should be happy that we are alive.

3,300 words

III

~~Earth to Earth, Dust to Dust~~

Jon Lee
Oakland

28

Death of Fun. Cautions

Death penalty

And after death, what? an empty void? or the start of a new life? Puzzling questions, questions that remain still unanswered despite talks and theories of this and that. After death, does the physical life cease and the mental life go onwards, an immortal life, forever?

Since time immortal there are only two places where the dead go, heaven and hell, heaven where people live in peace, wearing white robes with wings on their back, and red hell where Satin rules with an iron will, where men and sinners are tortured and burned in agony and pain, where devils with long horns and tails carry the nude bodies of the fallen and cast them into pits of fire and heat.

Little children are told when they were small, "If you tell any lies, you will not go to heaven." Meaning that they will go to hell where they will suffer more torture. But if the children are good they will go to heaven up in the sky and live in peace, everlasting peace.

A person either goes to heaven or hell, there seems to be no middle course, of course, a person could refuse to die and remain on this earth.

Confucius the wise man of China never talks about heaven or hell. He said taking care of the events of the world is enough, without worrying about what is in store for a person after he dies.

But I guess everyone worries about what is in store for him after he leaves this earth at one time or another. Does a person ever really die completely, or is there still a continuance of life after the last breath is out.

Just recently in the papers I read that science has invented a machine that is able to photograph the soul in a dying person just as the moment when it is leaving the body. And under the advertisement there was a note stating that anyone wishing to come to the lecture would see actual pictures of souls leaving the bodies of dying persons, photographed in a New York hospital. It only goes to prove that even in this day and age, the question of life and death still puzzles many persons.

And to add to all the confusion of life and dead, we recently saw a motion picture where a person ~~is~~ was buried prematurely, and finally some doctors believing that the person was ~~buried~~ murdered, dug the corpse up, and found him still alive. It seems that the dead person was not completely dead when he's supposed to be dead. And then there is that rather sensational work of a certain doctor who killed a dog scientifically, and then brought him back to life in an experiment, pointing the way that if a dog can be revived why not human beings too? And then there is that experiment with a pig who was frozen to death, and then brought back to life too.

We remembering reading somewhere about a person who was dying, and he happened to overhear the doctors talking about arrangements for his funeral. He was so shocked at this, and so mad he refused to die, and he managed to live until he was of an old age. Then we remember~~ing~~ reading in a book how a man who was tired of living, and he went to bed one night, deciding that he might just as well be dead, since there is nothing to live for. The next morning he was found dead, and there was nothing wrong with him at all. He made up his mind to die, and he died.

It seems that the mind of a person influences his physical life a great deal, doing good or harm as the mind dictates. And we remember reading another book in which it states that over forty percent of the dead people in this country is buried alive every year, people who died from shock or heart failure, fatal because the heart refuses to function. These persons are called dead because there is no way to revive the heart. When a person dies in this way, his heart stops but the other part of his body lives on, but they too will die if the heart is not beating to keep them alive. It seems that if some way is found to keep the heart of a person beating after it stops, then the person could live on.

So the persons who died from shock or heart attack are really not dead. It's only that their heart stops. And because their hearts stop, they are called dead, when it is only that their hearts are dead, and not the whole body. If the hearts of these persons could be revived, just think how many people who usually would be buried under the earth, could still enjoy life.

And again we remember reading somewhere how the life of a dying person could be prolonged by sticking a long electric needle into the heart of the person and making the heart beat artificially. In some cases a person has already died, but by sticking a needle into his heart he would show signs of life, and when questioned if he remembers anything, all of them say that they seem to come back from an empty void, being no mention of heaven or hell.

A very interesting statement, one which probably stirred a lot of talk and argument.

look up this story & begin with it.

When we were working on a former project, we wrote about a certain person who used to deliver books on heaven and hell around to the Chinese people every year. I guess it is all right if we repeat what we had written before.

These ~~that are~~ books used to be delivered around to the Chinese people at a definite time every year, are supposed to educate the people about heaven and hell. These books are printed and are delivered free of charge to every single Chinese family. During the last six or seven years, this had not been done. Why, we don't exactly know.

description of hell & torture

Anyhow, these books are bound in red or orange thin Chinese papers. Usually two long volumes are delivered to each household. These books are profusely illustrated with weird and odd pictures of the world beyond, pictures of Yim Low Wong, the Satin, the black faced king of the torture land. And there are pictures of heaven, of white robes and wine and peace.

These books are for the purpose to teach the people to be good, and kind, and not be sinners. There are long pages describing the tortures of hell, and the happiness of heaven.

Hell, where the stomach of the sinners are ripped open with long intestines flowing out, where bodies of men and women are thrown into the spike gardens, where heavy cars and trucks crushed the puny bodies of the dissipated sinners. All weird and blood chilling illustrations, pictures of the black faced Satin who rules with an iron hand.

Then there are pictures of nude bodies tied around hot pipes and stoves while devils cut them into minute pieces. Pictures of people and torso without heads, blood dripping downward, red

blood of the bad. Just looking at these pictures would chill the hearts of anyone.

And in startling contrast, the peace of heaven, the serene and majestic silence of the heavens, the calm expression of the virgins and the goodmen, the white robes, the quietness. The wine and foods to be eaten, all these make a startling and really peculiar contrast to the pictures of hell.

And the talk of ghosts. Does a person become a ghost when he dies, or does he not become a ghost, a sort of to be or not be question. Ghost stories are really very startling when told by a Chinese. Actual ghost stories told by people who really have seen them, who really have felt them, who really have touched them, in fact true stories of true things in China. But stangely enough, we hear very little of ghosts over here in America.

My sister used to tell me a story about a woman living in San Francisco who died and then got well in a very startling manner. Whether the story is true or not I do not know, but my sister told me that she had met this ~~morning~~ woman, and the woman told her the story.

The woman said that after she died she seemed to begin to sink downward toward the center of the earth. It was just down, down, down forever. When she landed on the bottom of the land, all was darkness, and all around the walls there were odd looking objects, grosteque figures and distorted devils. An eerie light managed to shine downwards from somewhere far away. Then she entered a long dark hallway and went into a room where the black faced King was sitting on a throne. There were shouts of people suffering from the tortures of hell, weird wailing that reminded one of the Inferno of Dantes.

Then someone began to push her away, and she grew so afraid that she ran out and came upon some stairs, long tall stairs, and she began to climb them, one after another, and after what seemed like long years, she was still climbing the stairs and soon she was out on top. At that precise moment she woke up and found herself in her home and that she was alive. We know of many incidents more or less along this same line, very strange and unbelievable.

And then there was the talk of how a person could become a ghost. We are always hearing of such things and whether they are true or not does not seem important, but the people who told them to us in every case, state that it is absolutely true.

Whenever a person wishes to revenge the death of someone in the family, and finds that he is unable to so alone usually makes up his mind that he will become a ghost. So he wanders off to a lonely hill, until he comes upon a coffin. He will bring with him foodstuffs and water to last forty-nine days. He will lie down beneath the coffin for that length of time, and if during that time he sees no human beings, he would become a ghost, an invisible ghost capable of killing and murdering the person he wishes. After he kills the person he himself will die too. If after he becomes a ghost and he does not kill anyone, he would wander around still a ghost until he will kill someone.

Because we are always doubtful of what we hear, we question many many people whether this could actually happen. Not that it could actually happen, but has happened, we are informed, and if we do not believe it, then just follow the instruction above and you will become one of these ghosts. So all you have to do is to lie under the coffin for forty-nine days, and find out for yourself, so good luck.

Death customs

comment on C. lack of intimate v. S. hear. hell is v.

I think that when a Chinese is dying he does not think of either heaven or hell. To them, death is the end of earthly existence, and that is all. And when a person dies, he just dies, it is the end.

D. in law + weeping for dead

The Chinese have great respect for the dead, and are very regular in observing the holidays. That is why it is so important to find a wife for every eligible bachelor in China, so that when the parents of the boy die, they shall have a faithful daughter-in-law who will weep for them regularly. And there are people, the parents who always bewail the fact that when they die there will be no one who will weep for them, and they think they are very unfortunate and that they shall always remain in their graves unwept and unsung.

A good daughter-in-law is one who is always willing to weep for the boy's parents and who always light the candles regularly. And the people will say, "She is a good daughter-in-law, and she has wept faithfully and obediently for the dead ones."

comment on change of attitude

The parents pver here ~~in~~ does not worry about who is going to weep for them when they shall leave this earth. There are so many more cheerful things to think about, instead of all the gloom and sadness connected with the departed and dead.

elaborations of customs here + in U. S.

As in weddings, the funerals are elaborate affairs, and noise and trouble are always in evidence, and as one person puts it, sometimes the only difference between a wedding and a funeral, is that instead of a coffin parading through the streets, one sees a sedan chair, otherwise everything is almost the same. So the Chinese takes its weddings as seriously as the funeral, both occasions noisy and elaborate.

And as in weddings a funeral takes many days to be completely through and finished.

In China, white is the color for mourning, plain white, and not black as practiced by western countries. When a person dies, everyone in the family would discard their regular clothes and robe themselves completely in white. In America when a Chinese dies, the family wear black, and not white. Well, strange things do happen.

Description paper begins here (China)

As we have said ~~before~~, a death is followed by an enormous amount of crying, and weeping and wailing, and from the towns the nuns and priests would come and chant for hours and days at a stretch. They would ~~palay~~ play their crude instruments and chant and march all around the dead body, tirelessly and regularly, and sometimes the members of the family would all follow around and around, and as stated by one woman, the people would have to march around for one hundred times, and as stated by another, there is no definite number of times to march around. The first day when the person is dead he is taken out into the outer room and placed on a wooden board held up by two chairs. The body is placed in this position for one whole day, and whenever anyone comes to see it, they would bring candles and sometimes food, and placed in on the floor, and weep for the corpse. They would all come dressed in the color of white, and when they leave the house, they would be given two long pieces of white cloth. These people when they go back to their houses, would light a fire in front of their door, and then hop over the fire and enter into their own house. In this way they would get the evil out of their houses.

The corpse would lay in this position on the boards for

the first day. During all this time the priests and nuns would be chanting and wailing for long dreary hours. And the members of the house would come and weep for the departed one. And during the long hours of the night the corpse is watch by everyone, or anyone who wishes to do it, and the one who does it would sleep in the same room as the corpse, although he does not actually sleep, as he is supposed to keep watch over the dead body.

Sometimes there would be many people watching the body, and when one of them goes to sleep, the other would watch, and so on. And during the three days the body is in the house there would be somebody who is in constant watch over the corpse.

The second day after dead, the body is placed right on the floor with nothing to hold it up except a few boards. And the nuns and priests would continue their strange and weird chanting all through the day. Sometimes the liquid from the dead body would come out and drip all over the floor, and managed by one way or the other to go down into the outside well, where the people get their water. This liquid is very poisonous and when the people draw water out of the well, they have to throw bars of iron and tin into the water before it is fit for human consumption.

The third day is the day for the funeral, although sometimes a good day is selected and the funeral detained to wait for that day to come. On the day of the funeral, all the people going to the burial must dress in white, although in talking to one person, we understand that the old woman dress themselves in black, and the younger ones dress themselves in white, but another person stated that everyone dress up in white regardless of age.

The body is dressed up in many layer of clothes, sometimes

of fine quality. The body is placed into the wooden coffin and the lid is tightly nailed and then ropes are tied around the coffin. Four coolies are hired to carry the body up to the distant hill, but these coolies do not necessarily have to dress themselves up in white, they can wear any color clothes they wish.

Only married persons, and persons who have family could have four coolies to carry their corpe to the resting place. When children or babies die, they are carried away by two coolies.

Then everyone in the town who is to march up to the hills where the corpse is to be buried, and for those who do not walk, sedan chairs are hired and the ladies and women would ride in them and weep their heads off. They would make their weepings loud and lusty, so that those who watch from the streets could hear it, and thus comment on how faithful she is, and what a good woman she is.

Then in the midst of loud weeping and screeching of instruments, the funeral would go onward towards the resting place of the departed.

Now in going towards the hills the procession would usually have to cross some small streams, and when they come to them, the people in charge of the funeral would dip a piece of white cloth intothe river and then wring it dry, not completely dry, and then he would take this cloth and hold it a few feet away from the coffin, and wave it this way and that.

Then the procession would go on. Then when the whole group reach the burial ground, and then coffin is laid down into the hole in the earth, the matter is not settled. Sometimes some pieces of money ~~is~~ are throw down into the hole and anyone would pick

them up. Then for many days after this, usually a month, the members of the family would have to sit on the floor to eat, and none could sit at the table. After the sufficient amount of days have been passed, then this odd custom is do away with.

When the body is buried on the ground, there is no tombstone or anything. This is usually put in afterwards.

Every morning the daughter-in-law would have to weep and wail for the departed one and show her felicity and obedience. She is the one who weeps the loudest and wail the strongest.

When there is a death in the house the color of red is strictly prohibited and no one is allowed to wear it. They could wear blue, and any dull dark colors, and no jewelry is allowed, now silks and expensive clothes. And every year during the Festival for the Dead in the monhh of March, the friends would journey up the mountainside and observe the occasion.

~~And this then is the way a Chinaman in China kicks the bucket in dear old China.~~ United States

In America a death is nothing compared to China.

Almost every single thing done in China is not done here. There are no nuns, no priests, no putting the corpse in the house for many days, no peculiar chanting and wailing, although some old Chinese woman would chant strange songs for hours at a time.

There are no white clothes, but a lot of black ones.

Usually the friends would buy flowers and give donations to the family of the departed. And in the day of the funeral, usually a picture of the dead person is carry through the street, and the members of the family, all dressed in black would follow behind the coffin. The coffin is carried by six or four

persons. The procession usually goes through some of the important streets of the city, and then everyone would ride up to the cemetery, and attend the funeral services. Those who are rich and can afford to spend money have an orchestra hire for the occasion, otherwise there is no orchestra.

The funeral is taken care of exactly in the western manner, but still sometimes a trace of Chinese custom would creep in such as giving brown sugar with a dime in white paper. But those Chinese who are very modern behave and act exactly in western manner, and they do nothing with even a slight trace of Chinese influence in it.

Usually when children die, there are no services or customs that are followed. The dead children are buried and that is that.

We forgot to mention one thing. The Chinese always make paper things, such as clothes and slippers, and coats, and they burn them to the departed one so that when they die the body would not be bare. Even in America this is done too, as mothers and friends would go to the graves usually of children and burn ppapers stockings, coats and shoes to the dead one.

Paper things

~~I guess the only way to avoid all this fuss and trouble is not to kick the bucket, and live on and on and on.~~

~~Husband and Wife~~ The Pulse-reading Doctor and his wife

This seems to be a month in which doctors dominate the scene.

Only this time the story is about a pulse-reading doctor and his wife.

~~The~~ Very few of the Chinese who come over to America ~~did not~~ stay here for a short time. ~~They stayed five, ten, fifteen, sometimes twenty years~~ If they go back it is rarely after less than a five year's stay. Many remain here much longer, some or longer. ~~Others stayed until they were on the verge of entering the grave.~~ of them, in fact, ~~never~~ until they are on the verge of the grave. When the Chinese ~~reached America, this land~~ was their new home. ~~They made~~ Here is where they make their living ~~here~~ and ~~they~~ where raised their children. ~~They~~ They come and ~~here.~~ The years passed swiftly by and ~~soon~~ they before they have realized ~~that~~ they find they have ~~had~~ been here for many many years. Few ever return permanently to China. We can take it for granted, then, that any older ~~So~~ it is a common thing to know that almost everyone of the Chinese interviewed has been here for ~~many time~~ some. And ~~Chinese people had been here for a long time.~~

~~Pretty hard for the pulse-reading doctor whose story follows.~~

This doctor had two children, ~~both~~ girls, ~~both~~ born in California. ~~The doctor~~ He conducted his ~~business in a quiet sort of a way.~~ profession quietly and with little publicity. He had no office, ~~or~~ nor nurses. He practices at his ~~lived~~ at home. ~~and the home is the hospital, the office for the patients.~~ That is where his patients come. That also is his hospital. Whenever ~~anyone~~ a person was sick, he went to see the doctor. ~~The doctor take his~~ (He would feel the patient's) pulse and ~~told~~ tell him to stick his tongue out. ~~The patient will do what is told and the doctor will be scared to death because he did not realize that the funny thing sticking out of the mouth of the patient is a human tongue.~~

Then the doctor ~~will~~ would jot down some notes ~~which he~~ and gave them to the patient. These prescriptions were filled out at the different drug-stores which carried herbs. The patient would then drank ~~the herbtea and recovered or don't.~~ a tea prepared from these herbs. The doctor did not charge a ~~certain amount~~ specific fee for his work. The patient would pay him what he wished and wrapped the money up in a piece of red paper. ~~and gave it to the doctor~~ The doctor accepted it no matter what it was, a small or a large amount ~~when the doctor is through with him.~~ Sometimes the amount ~~is~~ was a quarter, ~~and~~ sometimes, ~~maybe~~ a half dollar. ~~The doctor had~~ Sometimes, however, he received as ~~high~~ much as five dollars for his ~~work.~~ treatment.

That holds for the story of the pulse-reading doctor that follows although his is a special case, as we shall see.

Come to America it is with the intention of remaining here. They regard this land

~~The patient paid whatever amount he wished. And the doctor took it whether it was big or small.~~

The ~~doctor's~~ man's father ~~was an~~ had been an herbalist in China. He worked in an herb store when he was a boy. He read many of the ~~old~~ herb books written by the ~~old sages.~~ ancient authorities on the subject. The son ~~was~~ became interested in the work that his father ~~did.~~ was doing ~~The father let the son helped~~ and so the latter let him help him in the work. The father taught him ~~which~~ at herbs were good for colds and ~~which were good~~ at for fever, ~~and he~~ and, in addition, taught the son how to read ~~the~~ a pulse.

Since the son was so interested in his work, ~~the~~ his father let him study ~~ied~~ with some of the famous pulse-reading doctors in China. He studied less than a year. ~~But~~ However, the most important thing was ~~in the prescribing~~ to learn how to prescribe herbs properly. It required a minute acquaintence with many ~~of herbs. One had to acquainted with the different varieties of herbs and how much of it to be prescribed otherwise there would be a calamity.~~ and an exact knowledge of the amount to be given. Mistakes were very dangerous.

Most ~~of the~~ Chinese herbs are bitter. The sick person ~~mixed it~~ eats them with some raisins or some ~~sort~~ variety of dried fruits to offset the bitter taste. ¶ When the son was twenty years of age he came to America to work as a pulse-reading doctor. For this purpose he opened a little herb store in San Francisco. ~~And~~ Business was quite good. There he met a young girl and he ~~also~~ fell in love with her. ~~But~~ After a good deal ~~lot~~ of writing back and forth ~~with~~ to his parents in China, he finally got their consent to marry the girl. The girl's father owned a shop which sold razor blades, ~~and~~ phonograph records and miscellaneous articles ~~many other things~~. ~~And~~ The young girl worked in the store with him. She was a high school graduate.

After the man married, he and his wife lived in San Francisco. ~~The man was still working as a doctor.~~ He kept on diligently practicing. ~~At that time~~ In those days the Chinese ~~went to visit the~~ used to go pulse-reading doctors whenever they were sick. And since San Francisco was a large city, the business prospered. For eight years the doctor and his little wife lived in the city and prospered.

~~At~~ During this time two children were born to ~~the proud parents~~ them. When the older daughter was six years old, the father decided to come over to Oakland and live. ~~One,~~ He wanted the daughter ~~was going~~ to have a good education and ~~the father~~ he thought that Oakland was the place to ~~have~~ get it.

So the whole family moved over in 1921. The father continued with the ~~business~~ profession. The wife stayed home and took care of the children. All this I learned from the wife now a widow. This is how she ~~The mother~~ explained why she moved over to Oakland.

"People who had lived in ~~B~~both Oakland and San Francisco, all commented on the fact that Oakland ~~is~~ was a healthier and more decent place to live than San Francisco. In San Francisco the dangers and vices lurked in ~~the~~ every dark corner~~s~~ ready to strike at the opportune moment. Young boys and girls ~~are~~ were victims as well as the older folks.

"In the streets there ~~were~~ was a certain group of boys at that time known as ~~"~~The Cho Tow Wu" whose ~~job~~ profession it was to rob and to cause people trouble. They were all Chinese boys whose ~~age ranged~~ ranging in age from six to eighteen. All of these boys were alone or were orphans. They had no home to go to, no parents who could take care of them. So feared were they that when ~~the~~ little ~~boys~~ children were ~~bad~~ naughty, ~~the~~ their mothers would say to them, "Look out or the Cho Tow Wu will get you!" And the little children would ~~be quiet~~ behave.

"Besides San Francisco ~~is~~ was too crowded to be comfortable. I mean Chinatown. And the streets ~~are~~ was too steep. The alleys and sidewalks are narrow and the sunshine is ~~blocked~~ shut off by the tall buildings. The air is foul. It isn't wide and roomy like Oakland. ~~And the rent in the city was~~ Rents too were very high. Since living in Oakland I ~~do not like~~ have no desire to live in San Francisco again."

~~The~~ husband's ~~business was getting along quite well~~ practise was very good. At first my. Then as time went on, it began to dwindle. ~~The cause was because~~ reason lay in the fact that the Chinese people did not go to the pulse-reading doctors ~~as much as of old~~ anymore as they did at first.

~~The wife said~~ "When we first came over to Oakland there were quite a few pulse-reading doctors. Then as the years went by there number decreased markedly. ~~were not so many~~ Some died, others returned to their homeland. In the herb stores ~~there~~ were only a few still to be found. ~~still quite a few~~. When people were seriously sick they would go to the American doctors. Only when they were suffering from little illness, they did ~~the patients~~ call upon the pulse-reading doctors.

"After awhile ~~Soon~~ my husband realized that his practise was dwindling ~~the business was not so well~~. He decided to take the whole family back to China to live. So in 1924 we all went back. We lived in Sak Kay.

"In China everything was quite ~~was so~~ different. When I was in America, I did all of the house-work. But in China there were many numerous house-maids to do it ~~in the house~~. All of the work was ~~were~~ done by them. So for six years I just rested and relaxed. It was an easy life. My older ~~first~~ daughter went to a special girl school at this time.

"One day my husband, daughter, and I went to see our cousin. ~~In an~~ ~~We lived in a village some distance from the city so~~ ~~the village~~. We left early in the morning ~~because the village was quite far away from the city~~. We arrived at ~~in~~ the village in the afternoon. At five o'clock in the evening when we were having dinner, ~~Then~~ suddenly the trampling we heard ~~a rumbling~~ of horse hoops just outside of the house. My husband was not at the house at that time. He was up on the roof. He probably saw what was going to happen but ~~and~~ he did not come down.

"Suddenly the door ~~was~~ burst open and a ~~an~~ group of savage-looking men ~~came~~ rushed into the house. One of them ~~man~~ was holding in his hand two large cans of kerosene.

"The leader, this one, ~~and~~, shouted, 'Hand over your jewelry or we will take your life.' Our cousin thought that she would bluff them and that the bandits did not mean what they said. Seeing that our cousin did not answer, the bandits tied all of us in our chair with ~~robes~~ rope and ~~then~~ the man

who had the kerosene in his hand, poured it on all of us.

"Then the leader said again, 'This is your last chance. Give us your jewelry and money and then your life will be spared.' Our cousin knew then that he was not joking. So the men were given all of the jewelry and money that was around and they went away. None of us could untie ourselves. However, about five minutes later, my husband came down. He untied us all. He had seen the robbers coming, but he did not have enough time to warn us. We washed ourselves thoroughly and changed into clean clothes. And when we came into the city, we told what had happened to us. I never thought that in modern times like these, one could experience such things. In the olden days I heard about robbers and bandits but I never thought then I would ever see any of them."

"It was now the beginning of 1929. Everything was going along smoothly. My husband had given up his profession as pulse-reading doctor, and was working as a clerk in a bookshop in a nearby city. As a doctor in America he had made quite a lot of money and when he got back to China, he built a new home. It was a two story brick building, and there were gardens all around the place. It was February. Then, without warning he developed an illness. It was not serious at first. But soon his leg began to swell. It got worse day by day, and shortly thereafter he died.

And so the wife and the children were left alone. Luckily the house which the husband built was his property and then the children and the wife inherited it.

Early in 1930, the family came back to America. The girl was a young lady now. The house in China was left in care of a maid. Some of the woman's relatives lived in it.

When the husband died, he left all of his money and properties to his wife. The property consisted of two houses in China.

p 6, line 2

Δ She was born here and worked in her father's store till she met the young man who was to be her husband. She married him at twenty and led a very happy life

Now th wo houses belonged to the woman.

After fter e death of the husband the woman and her children returned to the Un a ed States.

Th dd woman is thirty-seven years old today. The big daughter is fiftee n years ago. The second daughter is twelve. The two girls are continuing their education in the schools now. At night they go to a private Chinese school.

The woman married when she was about twenty. She was working in her father's store when she met the young man who w s to be her husband later. She married him and they lead a happy life.

Then she returned to China where she learned what relaxation meant. Those years that she spent in China were a joy. The only unhappy moment was when her husband died. He died at forty-seven.

Now the family is back in America the birthplace of the mother, the birthplace of the daughters.

The woman intend to return to China just as soon as daughter complete her high-school education.

"Many people speak of China as a place of rest." She continued, "They asked me many times why I don't return. The only reason why I am staying here is to wait until my daughter graduate from high-school. Then I will return with my children. When I return in the future I intent to stay there for a long time, or permanently. Of course my daughters could come back anytime they wished. In China I have a home; I have maids; and I have everything that anyone could wished for. There I could be happy. My daughter will graduate in four more years and then my trip back to China will be all set."

So in four years these three will set for China and we wish them bon-voyage, even thought it is a little early.

After interviewing young people for a time, I decided to change a little and interview some older people. This time it is a middle aged woman. Not quite middle aged but almost thirty-five years old.

She came over here to America when she was a young lady in the year 1919. To her it seems long ago and she does not even remember the boat in which she came over.

This woman was born in a little village. She is the smallest child in a family of nine. The family lived in a two story shack. Besides the family there were also a grandmother and grandfather living in the same house. The woman was married to her husband without knowing who he was and she was not married until she landed in San Francisco.

The husband, before he got married, was a farmer. He was poor and the woman was poor, and their marriage was arranged before either one knew anything about it.

They decided to get married over in San Francisco since they were coming over. They had many friends over here. And it was these friends who loaned them the money for the wedding celebration.

After the marriage they went to Isleton to live. They stayed there seven years. A son was born to them during this time.

Living conditions were not so hard for the family. They owned a cow and it supplied the baby with milk. And the man owned many fruit trees. He also grew his own vegetables. And the family managed to get along fairly well.

The first few years in the country was not so bad. The family made enough money so that they even had a little saved up.

After years of hard work the family finally bought a little store. The store sold groceries and other kinds of foodstuffs. The family was able to move away from the little hut which they had occupied for so long.

The little town of Isleton, at the time of the family's stay there, was composed of just a few blocks of land. Over ninety percent of the entire population was oriental. They mingled together as one family. All of the houses and stores in the town were built of wood. The streets were filled with sharp pointed rocks, and it was quite difficult to drive an automobile over it. The streets, or to be more exact, the sidewalks were raised five or six inches from the ground. Almost all of the streets were made up of boards. The thumping of the shoes on the boards was an everyday occurrence.

Many years ago a fire swept over the town. The whole town was almost destroyed. It was after the fire that the family moved out to Oakland to live. All of their furniture and belongings were lostin the fire. Their house was just ashes, just atoms of ruin.

Then they moved out to Oakland and lived with a friend of theirs. This friend was a teacher. She taught the little boy how to read and write.

The man managed to find a job in Berkeley. He was a cook and he cooked meals for students at a school. His wife was expecting

an addition to the family. A son was born to her many months later. He died of diptheria when he was five.

All of the time while the family was living in Oakland, they lived with this teacher. This teacher was always sick. And she blamed it on the house as one of ill luck. She moved on the average of three times a year. Since the man and the woman could not have a house of their own they were obliged to move whenever the teacher moved. The constant moving to and fro was unbearable. The family finally rented a house of their own.

About this time the woman's brother arrived in San Francisco. He had just arrived from the orient. Due to the urging on the part of the brother, the sister went over to the city and lived with him. Years later they moved over to Oakland. Since then, the brother and the sister have been living together.

I wished to know about her early childhood and her early life in America in more detail.

I questioned her: "Do you remember anything about your childhood?"

"Why, of course. I remember that I was the only one in my family who did not have bound feet. You know I do not include the boys. Girls in those days were considered coarse and rough when they possessed big feet. My father was directly opposed to the binding of women's feet. My mother had just the opposite view. She bound the feet of all my sisters in order to be sure that it was well done. I was hardly seven when my mother decided to bind

my feet. I was against it and my father was too. He sided with me. There were many arguments between my father and mother over my feet.

"However, in the end I won out. And my mother said that as sure as the earth does turn I would marry a poor man. It came true, although I personally do not think that it was the feet that decided it.

She continued talking about her family life: "I lived in a large family. My father worked on the land. We were poor people. We grew enough to eat. We sold some of our crops to have some money to buy other things. If I remember correctly my childhood was just work and more work. And since we lived on the land all of us helped with the farming. None of my brothers and sisters ever went to school until they were grown men and women. My father taught me a little at home whenever he had the time. Girls were not supposed to know too much in the village where I lived."

She continued and talked about her life in America.

"I was almost twenty when I got married. I was married here in the United States. I remember a great celebration and there were many friends whom I have not seen since my childhood. They all came over when I was still a baby. After my marriage I went to Isleton to live. My husband has been a farmer all his life and he could do the sort of country work that is required of him. We owned an orchard out there and every year when the fruit got ripe

we hired many men to help with the crop. When I moved in there I knew only a few people. Some of the people that I knew spoke a different dialect than mine. It was very difficult to talk to one another. Country life is not easy to those who are not used to it. In the evening we went to bed early and in the morning we woke up early. We worked hard. I did all of the cooking on a coal oil stove. I can't remember definitely, but I think we had gas for lighting purposes."

"Did you work as hard in Isleton as when you were a little girl?"

"All my life I have worked hard. In China I was praised by everyone who knew me as a very helpful and obedient girl. Of course I could do better work than all of the sisters because I did not have to walk around on two or three inches of feet. Sometimes I wonder how people can get along with such small feet.

"My mother has the tiniest feet that I ever saw on anyone. Yet she could go up the stairs and walk just as easily as I could. The people who have bound feet walk as though they are walking on stilts."

"Is it because of the fire that you moved out to Oakland?"

"The fire was one of the chief reasons why we moved out. Business began to dwindle after a few years in the country. We sold our store to another man. I really think that even if the fire had not destroyed our house we would have moved to the city inevitably."

"What work did you do since coming out to Oakland?"

"I have been sewing clothes lately, but the pay is not as high as it used to be. I do all sorts of odd jobs. When a friend of mine has a baby I go over to her house and help for a few days. I worked in the cannery in the canning season. By doing all sorts of work I manage to get along."

I knew that the husband of this woman had never been to school. He could not read a single word of the Chinese language. And because of that, he is not able to work at jobs that demanded a fluent understanding of the languages.

Right now he is working at a Chinese food store. His job is to deliver goods to the customers and to collect money. He eats at the store. But he comes home to sleep. Because the woman eats alone she does not have to spend so much money for food.

The woman now has three children. The youngest is almost a year old. If the other had not died there would be five persons in the family.

The woman is very careful about spending money. She only spends it when absolutely necessary. She does not have any luxuries and she is not extravagant. I think that this family represents a great percentage of the oriental families in the United States as far as the living conditions are concerned.

Although I did not ask this woman whether she plans to go back to China or not, I am sure that if I had asked her, the answer would be in the affirmative.

Whenever the question is asked of a person as to why does a person come over the sea to America, nine chances out of ten the answer will be that they came over here to make a living.

I asked this woman: "Could you not make a living in China just as well?"

"In China we do not speak of America as America. We call it Gum Sarn. Translated it means the Golden Hills. In the little village there are all sorts of stories about this country. The talk is that this land is overflowing with gold. And also that nobody is poor here. We decided that since the gold was flowing so freely we might just as well be among those to get a part of it. In spite of the fact that America is a rich nation, the talk is a little exaggerated. Some of the people who have lived in the little villages all their lives realy believe that America is rich and overflowing with gold."

This woman worked hard all her life. She does not have much time for pleasure. But she is happy as she is. Perhaps if she were to change places with another woman she would probably not do it.

On the whole, Chinese women do a lot of hard work. And they seem to bear it without any trouble. This woman is no excention.

She will continue to work and save and when she has enough she will return home and spend the rest of her life here.

5,600 words

II

~~Ancient and Modern Marriage~~

Jon Lee
Oakland

Marriage

Our Customs

John's letter to Beaches

Perhaps there is no such thing as an ancient marriage, or a modern marriage. Marriage is the bringing together of a male and female, making it legal for them to live together, to have children, and to live in heavenly bliss. The customs and methods of getting married are too involved for us to even attempt to write about them. There are ancient and modern ways of getting married, as traditions change and people change along with them.

In the days of the cave man, influenced perhaps by the Clark Gable sex appeal, our great great grandfathers wandered hither and thither until he landed a dame somehow, somewhere. And when the stork began to pay his regular visits, perhaps he was a little astounded at his accomplishments and was so happy with results that he probably began passing cigars to his nearby comrades. Only they had no cigars in those days, and perhaps they did nothing of that sort. But anyhow as civilization progressed, forward let us hope, people became more intelligent and wiser, and old traditions and customs gave way to the newer movements.

Somehow by some sort of supernatural power, people became to be formed into certain groups and races and from them spring more rules, traditions and customs, adding to the whole mess of civilized education. And even today we can be quite certain in saying that many groups of people still follow the old and obsolete form of worship, of following the different customs. Or they still followed the same customs, only in a more modern form with much of the ancient frills eliminated, and many added.

Today in most civilized countries, a couple can get married only after the clergy had made a profit on the transaction. In other countries where civilization is still a thing in the far away future, strange and ominous things could happen. As in Greenland, where it is perfectly natural for one man to trade wives with another. Perhaps it is not in Greenland, but it one of those countries where they always have snow. (For proof, see picture "Eskimo.")

And while our modern maidens blushed in the darkness of the cinema halls, provided of course, that the rouge is not too prominent to hide the blush, we sit and gaze at the wonders of the other side of the world, and yet at the same time, we only come to know ourselves better. For not only in other countries does this sort of thing happens. Surely in this so called civilized country, events of the same kind happen, and perhaps others more shocking and vulgar than the exchanging of wives.

Only in one country you are known as a good companion and ~~it~~ in the other, you are a fallen woman, a disgrace to society, a person not worthy of being called a woman. That's the only difference, no more.

Everything is this world is sexed, otherwise there would be no life, no love. And no people. And being of different sex it is only natural that the male and female should get together one way or another. And the right way is marriage, and not the other.

In some countries, a man just takes a woman, and she becomes his wife. In other countries a man takes many women,

and they become his lives. In some other countries, a man spends his life earning money, and spends it all for a wife, and probably would drop stone dead into his grave, and never make that much again.

Many things happen in this mad game of marriage. A boy could be betrothed to a girl not yet born. A brother could marry a sister, (it has happened). A man can have as many wives as he wishes. A woman can also have as many husbands as she wishes, that is, as long as the timid and good for nothing husband knows nothing about it. They usually don't. And if they do, so much better for the undertaker.

But to come back to more specific examples, we will take China as an example of what is going on, the manner and ways in which people unite themselves as man and wife. A mother who has a daughter either blind or deaf would probably have a very hard time in finding a suitable husband for the girl, and you can rest assured that the eligible young man has an easy time avoiding her. So the frantic mother usually gives her daughter away to anyone that wishes to take her, usually an old man, poor but honest. And the mother would receive nothing for her at all. The husband promises to take care of the wife and see that she is well care for. Some marriages are as easy as that.

Others are more involved, taking ~~in~~ into consideration of great sums of money, and more money. And also a lot of minute and extravagant details of the most unimportant things. Important to the parties concerned, however slight they might be.

Marriage to the Chinese is a very important thing, not something for a thrill to end up in the divorce halls of Reno. When a Chinese person enters into the marriage game, he goes with the understanding that the marriage would be permanet, and he looks upon it as a part of his life, his hopes, and he wishes to raise a family and have a home.

The woman looks upon marriage as something important too. It is her duty to take care of the home, and care for her children. Somehow or the other the marriage of a Chinese couple manages very well to keep itself intact, complete, instead of having everything blow into the four winds. Of course, there are divorces and separation, but on the whole, a very big percentage of the marriages remains complete. And strangely enough, very few Chinese widows remarry if they have the chance. They seem to be satisfied with life as it is, and the death of their husbands is something of life, something that can't be helped. They do not care to take up with another mate, but remain content just to live in the memory of their only one.

The same can be said for the men too. They will remain single just like the women. It is hard to define the reason why, it's just one of those elusive things that just happens.

Chinese people have big families, because Chinese always have big families. But the modern Chinese have smaller families. And it's a good thing too. The Chinese people don't make much money, and with less in the family, they could manage much better than if they have many children. The average number in a Chinese family over here is around six or seven.

~~And unless we are terribly mistaken, the marriage couple will have fewer children than their parents. But back in China in the old villages, the children will come as regular as the seasons, one after another, so you can very readily see why there are four hundred million Chinese in China. And floods and wars and sickness don't seem to make any difference at all in the final count.~~

When a Chinese couple get married even in this modern age and here in America, the affair is one that is very complicated and troublesome despite the very apparent fact that much of the details are left out. Some old Chinese women only know two things. Who is going to be married, and who is expecting the stork. They know the exact date as to what date a certain person's birthday falls on, and on what day so and so got married. They are the persons who know the latest gossip and news. And when a person dies or decides to get the notion to go into San Quentin, (my Chinese teacher's definition of one who decides to get hook up) you can be sure that one of these old dry looking women will be the first to know about it. Somehow or the other they seem to know.

A Chinese marriage is always something to remember, something that will always linger in a person's memory, whether it be laid in China or over here in America. I guess, it is because the Chinese have always look upon marriage as something important. And in almost every single marriage there is always trouble between the family of the man and the family of the girl. If it isn't this, then it's that. But they will find something to argue about, ~~believe me!~~

A great percentage of the marriages over here is a combination of the old and new. That is the Chinese combined oriental and occidental customs with the greater percentage leaning toward the ariental side. Of course this doesn't take in exceptional cases like the one that happens quite recently in which two brothers went to the house of the young girl and eloped away. The Chinese mother was so astounded she didn't know what to say. One of the brothers was in the car getting the motor ready to start while the other went up to the house to claim his future bride. The two rushed right out the front door. In his excitement the boy dropped a suitcase right on the feet of the girl's mother and crushed her toes so badly that it bleed quite badly. The mother threatened to hang herself, and for many days the friends and relatives had to go to the house of the mother to watch her and see that she did not carry out her act. This is really one of the juiciest bit of gossip we have heard in a long time.

Although the Chinese people over here have dropped quite a few of the old customs, some new ones have crept in which aren't quite Chinese or quite western. Generally speaking, before a girl marries a boy, there is usually arranged between the parents of the two parties, a certain amount of money to be paid over to the bride's mother. This could be from three or four hundred up to two thousand dollars. In some families where both parties are poor, this paying of money is left out, but the bride's mother will insist of how many cakes and cookies the boy's side should donate. And also how many tables they should pay for in the party following the marriage.

To put the whole thing in a nutshell, a marriage ~~couple~~ between a couple here is very much like a business proposition. And no one would like to see the other get the best of the bargain. As had happened in case after case in which either the boy's or the girl's side got the most for the money, there usually is a big quarrel between the two concerned, and the whole town and city would join in the discussion as to what should have been done, when it should be done, and who takes advantage of whom. And usually for days after a marriage in the city, the talk will still be prominent and will linger on until it eventually will die down.

Very frequently after a marriage, there is a sort of strain feeling between the bride's and groom's parents. But they always make up sometime.

And we can say too that a Chinese mother-in-law is not poison and something to drown in the lake. There just doesn't exists any feeling of misunderstanding of that sort.

But let us go back to the land of lily feet for awhile and see the elaborate and magnificient marriage ceremony.

In China the parents have the last word in a marriage. They have more authority than the persons who are going to be married. If any of the parents disapprove of a young man or woman, then that person is practically doomed so far as his chances of getting married to a certain person. In many many cases people are married without any knowledge as to whom their partners are going to be. Usually these people go through with their marriage whether they like it or not. They have to like it.

In special cases the parents bethroth their children long before they are born, sort of counting their chickens before they are hatched. But that's China for you, land of mystery. Of Mr.

In these modern times we think the children have a great deal to say about it, and perhaps they themselves will have a last word to utter, but the parents somehow remain to be the real deciding factor in a marriage. The boy's parents must approve of the girl, and the girl's parents must approve of the boy. And last and very least, the boy and girl approve of the parents' choice. ~~Dear. Dear~~.

In China the practice of giving over a certain amount of money over to the bride's parents is not as widely held to as over here in America. The more important thing is to let the boy's side donate a certain number of cakes and cookies as an engagement present. The practice of wearing a ring is very rare, as usually the boy would give a golden bracelet to the girl. The engagement could last from a few months to a year or more.

The date of marriage usually come on a good luck day, and this day is selected from the good luck book, so that the marriage would be a very presperous one. After the day is selected, the plans for the ceremony are arranged, and details made clear. Three or four days before the marriage is to occurred, the friends and girl companions of the bride to be gather together in the house of the future bride and play games and mah jong all through the night, and during this time no one would go to bed.

[illegible]

[illegible] are born, each of a kind their children [illegible] they are reached. But what's China for you, land of [illegible]

In these and to tired we think the children have a great deal to say about it, and perhaps they themselves will have a last word to utter, but the [illegible] remain to be the real deciding factor in a marriage. One [illegible]'s parents and [illegible] of the girl, and the single [illegible] great approve of the son. And last and very least, the boy and girl a [illegible]

In China the [illegible] of giving over a certain amount of money over to the [illegible]'s [illegible] is not as [illegible] to be over here in America. [illegible] more important [illegible] is to let the boy's side [illegible] a certain amount of [illegible]

[illegible] Finally the [illegible] give a [illegible] [illegible] to the girl. The [illegible] would lose [illegible] to a [illegible]

The date of [illegible] is usually done on a [illegible] in May, and this [illegible] is selected [illegible] the [illegible], so that the marriage would be a very propitious one. After the day is selected, the place for the ceremony [illegible], and details made clear. There are four [illegible] before the marriage [illegible], the [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] in the [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] night, and during [illegible] in one

It is a sort of last reunion of the girl, a last chance before the girl is to become a woman. Then the girls would all join together in singing songs, and then they would cry together and sing songs back to each other.

All this time the games and gambling will go on until way into the morning. Nobody sleeps during this time. And when the time for the departure comes, tears would come as thick as running water.

The marriage day is one of great excitement. The sedan chair will come to take the lovely bride away to her husband's home. This is the day in which the cookies and cakes will arrive in great quantity. After these cakes and cookies arrive, they are passed out to friends and some are eaten right at the house, and other are offered to Gods and Goddess in prayer.

There are three different days in which the groom should donate cakes and cookies to the girl's family. First, on the day of engagement; second, on the day the bride is to go over to her husband's house; third, on the third day after marriage. The amount of cakes and cookies are determined ahead of time. And when they arrive every single piece is counted out to see if the right amount is there. Many women have talked and argued just because the boy fails to bring the exact amount that he promises. You can rest assured that the girl's mother would count every single piece of cakes or cookies. They just would not be cheated.

Before the bride gets into the sedan chair, an old woman takes care of her hair, arranging and making it ready. During

this time the old woman and the girl would be chanting and singing songs back and forth to each other. The songs all have a story and hhey ones that they sing will all deal with something good, of luck and fortune, no sadness. After the hair is finished, the girl is dressed up in either blue or black cotton cloth, no silks or dazzling color, the rule is that the bride-to-be must be dressed in color of an obscure tone.

Then the girl would covered her face up, and the old woman would carry her out with the girl on back doing a buggy ride. Outside the sedan chair would be waiting, and four men standing at the side waiting ~~for~~ to carry the girl to her future home. After the girl gets into the sedan chair, she looks at no one, since the chair is all covered up. Sometimes firecrackers are shot off and the four men would carry the girl away to her home.

The girl does not go over to the husband's house until late in the afternoon, or sometimes in the evening. In the morning before she is to go to her future house, all the presents and furniture donated by the friends are carried over to the house. Every single present is opened so that anyone who wishes to see it could see for themselves how much the girl has. All these presents are carried by men through the town like a parade and shown to all. Sometimes in the rich homes a band is hired, and many man in horse's back would be near the front of the procession leading the way. If the girl has many presents, the men would have to make two or three trips to the house before all of the gifts are moved out. The poor people do the same thing, only in a much smaller scale. The people would all stand in the streets and watch the procession go by.

When the sedan chair reaches the home of the husband, another old woman comes forth and carries the bride in. Sometimes an umbrella is used to escort them in. When the bride reaches her room, she will discard her blue or dark clothes and dress herself in bright colors. Then she will come out and bow to everyone who assembles there to see her. Then she will get down on her knees and pour tea to the boy's parents and to the guests. The guests would all try to hide, and sometimes it is very hard to make them come out at all.

After all this is over, there is a prayer. And there will be a roast pig in the table. On this first day of the marriage, only the friends of the husband's side are invited. Mostly it is cousins and closely related persons. There would be a sort of preliminary party on this evening with only the closely related friends and cousins present.

Then there is another party on the second day, an occasion much more important than the previous day. For those who could afford it, the party is celebrated in a restaurant or a hall expecially hired for the day. Otherwise the party is held at home. At this party everyone is invited, both from the girl's and boy's side. Usually the husband pays for this feast, sometimes it is arranged how many tables the boy should pay for, and how many the girl should pay for. On this day the bride is dressed up in her most beautiful clothes, changing it many times to show the people present the variety of her wardrobe.

Now the third day after the bride's marriage she is to journey home to her mother's house. This day is very important, and even here in America the day is observed very faithfully.

Early in the morning the husband goes over to the house of his wife's mother. At this time the in-laws would prepare noodles and the husband would eat it. The bride does not come over to the house until in the afternoon.

This day the cookies are again carried to the former house of the girl. They are carried in red boxes, trimmed with fancy decorations and designs, and they would arrive at a certain hour. This day many pigs are roasted, and they are too carried through the town or city so that all might observed. Sometimes there are as many as twenty or thirty roast pig carried from the husband's house over to the house of the girl's mother. Those who are poor still have the roast pig, but not in such great quantity.

After the pigs arrive, they would be placed on the tables and prayers are offered to the Gods. After that the pigs are cut open and delivered out to the friends. Those who are closely related get a larger portion while those who are distantly related get the smaller portion.

In the huge red boxes instead of cookies and cakes, there would be peanuts, cocoanut candy, and many fried delicacies. These cookies and cakes are cut and passed around to the people who assembles at the house of the bride's mother.

When the bride arrives at the house of her mother, she comes alone, since her husband comes early in the morning. The rule is that the husband and wife should not come together. When the bride comes into the house a sort of hush would come over the household. The bride would have to bow to her parents, and then she and her husband would have to go down on their knees and pour tea to the parents. Then she would give money wrapped in paper to her brothers and sisters, and in some cases, in different

sections of the country, the bride is compelled to give money to every single person at her mother's house on the third day.

The cookies and cakes and pork are divided and packed into small packages and then delivered to the friends. Now on this third day there is another party, and at this party only the friends and relatives on the girl's side are invited. This party is given at the bride's former home, and paid for by the bride's parents. Of course chicken and duck are the most important foods, dominating the party. Then there is a plentiful supply of wine and fancy dishes.

Late in the evening the bride goes back to her home with her husband. ~~And then they would live happily ever after, with only trouble~~ when the long legged stork hovers around.

Marriage in U.S

The general formula for a marriage over here is patterned very much to the old rule of China. Only over here in America we do not have the sedan chair, and the presents and things are not paraded around the town or city.

Strange as it might seems, there is such a thing as a go-between, and in every marriage almost, there always is one. This go between arranges the introduction between the boy and girl. And the go-between can be a close friend or a cousin, and she can be hired from either the girl's or boy's side. If the marriage is sucessful, the go-between would be given money wrapped in red paper, from either twenty-five to a hundred dollars or more. It is the duty of the go-between to find a girl or boy suitable to the person who wishes to get married. And she would do her very best, as if the marriage goes through, she gets some money, and she doesn't want to miss it.

The go-between is a very important person.

We'll say that a boy likes a girl very much, and his parents wish to know the girl better. He can't very well say to the girl, "I like to marry you." Here is where the work of the go-between come in. She would go over to the girl's house and explain everything to the girl's parents. The girl's parents would perhaps arrange a day when the two could get together to discuss everything over. If after seeing the boy, the girl decides he is not the one for her, the matter is dismissed. If she decides in the affirmative, then both the parents of the boy or girl must have their say in whether they approve or not. But here in Amei-ca, if the boy or girl decide to marry each other, usually there is no objection from the parents, but in families who are strict, the parents have the final word.

Go-between

All right. After the boy and girl give their approval of each other, and the parents agree, an engagement date is settled. A good luck day is chosen from the old Chinese book. But before this is done, a very long conference is held between the boy's and girl's parents. During this time everything is discussed from money to clothes and jewelry. First the boy's parents would ask how much the girl's side wishes. This is usually done through the go-between. The sum of money paid over to the girl's parents is from four hundred up to a thousand dollars or more. But in this time of depression, five hundred dollars is a very good sum. In some cases people pay as low as two hundred dollars. People do not pay money in even dollars. If the girl's parents want five hundred dollars, the right thing for the boy to do is to give four hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents. It is considered back luck to give an even amount.

Arrangements for marriage

Sometimes when both sides decide not to spend any money, being poor or not very well off, the girl's parents would consent to give the girl away for nothing, and there would not be any celebration or cakes and cookies to be donated from the boy. In this way both sides would not have to spend money, and no presents, wedding presents or otherwise, are accepted.

This kind of wedding is very quiet and no sort of celebration is in evidence. Perhaps the two families would get together and have a quiet dinner.

Many comical incidents would occur during the time of marriage. A mother would demand the amount she thinks her daughter ought to bring in. If the man is rich, the mother would ask for more. She would approximately guess at the price. If the boy thinks it is too much probably he would refuse to submit to it. Man a hot and comical error has happened because of the amount of money to be paid over to the girl's mother. The girl's mother would say that it takes more than five hundred dollars to raise her daughter up to her age, and if she accepts the money, it is practically giving the daughter away. The man would point out that there is a depression despite the N. R. A. and daughters don't bring it as much money as they use to. And on and on through the night. But in the end something always is arranged to suit both sides as nearly even as possible.

Some mothers do not ask for any definite amount. They would tell the go-between to inform the boy that he could give any amount that he sees fit. The chances are that he will give much too less, and the mother would secretly give herself a kick in the pants for not naming any definite amount. She would

just have to gnaw her teech, and say nothing. And when the friends and relatives ask how much has the boy donated over, she would probably say an amount much more greater than the actual one, so she would not be duly humiliated.

The engagement day is one chosen from the good luck book. On this day there would be a party at the girl's house. Everyone of her girl companions would be there. The only difference is that the chanting of songs is left out when compared to the way the people do it in the old country. The party is attended only by the friends on the mother's side. None of the friends and realatives on the boy's side are invited. The cakes and cookies come in red boxes. And sometimes it takes more than thirty of forty of these boxes to accommodate the cakes and cookies. These cookies and cakes are passed around only the the friends of the girl or the mother.

The date of marriage is another day chosen from the good luck book. The day before the marriage is to take place, the go-between would bring the amount of money the mother of the girl asks for. The mother would accept it and give some money to the go-between, usually ten or twenty dollars, for the services she has done.

Many days before the marriage of the girl is to take place the presents would begin to arrive. Blankets, flower vases, comforters, and many other articles, sometimes jewelry too. The names of the donator is kept in a list so as not to be forgotten.

During these few busy days before the girl is to become a bride, the mother would buy many things for her, gold, furniture

and numerous clothes. This is very important, as when the bride goes home, all the friends of the boy would come and look at the presents. If there is not a sufficient amount there, there would be loud rumors and gossip which manages always to travel all over the city. So the girl's mother in trying to avoid gossip and bad talk usually buys her daughter many many things.

In a marriage great sums of money are involved. Sometimes the whole amount of money the mother receives for her daughter is spent back in buying her things, and all the necessary articles. All of the presents and articles are taken over to the house of the husband just before the marriage day.

Many days before the marriage, the boy and girl would practice the ways of walking and acting. The marriage ceremony is done in western style, only Chinese words of spoken, usually by a Chinese priest.

The wedding could take place either in a church, in the home or in the restaurant where the party is to be held right after the wedding. The last seems to be the more frequently followed one.

The bride would wear the bridal western gown, and the wedding march is the song played during the ceremony. After the ceremony, rice are scattered on the bride and company. Then the party would begin. After the ceremony the bride would immediately change into Chinese long robes. And she would change it from time to time during the party. The bride would have a special table with the only closely related from both sides at the table with her. There would be long dull speeches and everyone impatient to put on the feed bag.

The party usually lasts from two to four hours. After the party there is dancing and merriment.

Long before this party is to take place, many days before, it is already arranged as to how many tables the girl's side wishes. This is determined by how many guest are invited. The husband's side would do its own figuring and thus in this way the total of amount of tables at the party is determined. Now if the girl's parent ordered ten tables, and suppose when the guests arrive the ten tables are not sufficient to seat them all some of the guests could go over to the boy's reserved tables. If those tables too are crowded, then the people would just have to squeeze in.

When the guests leave the husband and wife would stand near the doorway and bid each one goodbye, and shake hands with the man folks. The girl's parents would go back home with many of her friends and at the house the whole group would gather together and play mah jong way through till the morning dawn. Many of the guests from the far away city would stay over at the house until the third day, and many times the husband has to go to the hotel to get a room, so that there would be enough room for the guests.

All of these guests would stay at the house of the mother and wait until the third day, and after this day they would go back to their home, and the mother would heave a sigh of relief that everything is all through.

During these days of waiting, usually the women folks would talk until late in the night about this and that, sometimes talking as late as three or four in the morning.

On the third day after the marriage, the newly-wedded husband would come early in the morning to the house of the mother-in-law. There he would be served noodles. At this early eating, only the father-in-law and the new husband, and perhaps a few other men folks are present. The ladies and girls are not supposed to take part in this occasion.

At a certain hour the cakes and cookies arrive. These are taken out and cut open and served to the guests. Many are put into bags and taken around and given away to the friends.

In the afternoon the bride would arrive. She usually arrives at the house in an automobile or taxi since there is no sedan chair in America.

There would be great excitement when she arrives. The guests and friends would all go to the window and peep out to see the bride, even though they know exactly what she looks like. And when the girl enters everybody would be quiet.

The guests at the house would make the girl's parents sit down, and the bride an d groom would have to kneel down right in front of them, and they would have to pour tea to the two older folks. And they would have to bow once. After that is done the girl gives away money wrapped in red paper.

When the roast pig arrives, usually there is only one or two, it is cut open and divided in sections. But before that is done, the pig is offered in prayer to the Gods. Then it is cut open by a man especially hired to do it. These small pieces together with some pieces of cookies and half a chicken are put together in a big bag and passed around to the different ~~friends.~~

friends.

Late in the evening a party is held at the house of the bride's mother, and just like in China, only the friends and relatives of the girl's side are invited. The bride and the husband usually go home about ten or eleven in the evening.

The guests that are staying at the girl's mother house would stay till late in the evening, and they would start going home early the next morning.

When the mother finds that the house is empty the next morning she will know how it feels to be lonely, and the house would seem very quiet and dull after the immense celeberation and noisy noise of the days before.

After the third day the daughter can come and visit her mother anytime she wishes either alone or with her husband. She would probably find out that after everything is clear, she did not make any money out of the marriage, since the money she receives is either partly or wholly spent back in the buying of clothes and jewelry and all necessary articles.

We must say that there is such a thing as teasing the wife. After the wife goes back to her husband's house, she becomes the victim of the boy's friends. They would tell her to sing, dance, and do anything they feel like asking. And the new wife would have to do them. That is her part, and this custom is in evidence in every occasion of a wedding..

~~And thus in this way, and other variations of ways a Chinaman bites the dust, and enters into San Quentin.~~

Jon Lee rewrite

The Shrimp Man and ~~Women~~ his Wife
(former title-The Shrimp Business)

Of the great number of people that I know, or once knew, there is one who stands out clearly in my memory, one whom I think I shall always remember long after the others are forgotten. He is the old shrimp man who used to own the store. Although he is dead these many years, he comes before me often when I think of him in my leisure moments. For he is not one whom I can forget easily.

I can still remember him, and the way he carried the two bamboo baskets, tied to both ends of a long pole that was hung over his right shoulder. He wore a heavy blue shirt of broadcloth, a pair of thick overalls, and on his feet, he wore a pair of shoes with thick rubber soles. Often he passed by the house where I used to live, and I would look out the window and see him walking by, his head without a hat, his face browned by the summer sun, and the two basketfuls of shrimps swinging on both ends of the long pole. Almost everyday he passed by at the same hour, and of the many times that I was able to see him, I had never seen him wear any other clothes than the ones he usually wore.

Only on the first day of the New Year did he wear a clean suit. After the first day had gone by, he put on his working clothes again.

He was a very hard working man who never took a single day off for vacation or sickness during the ten years he had been working in the shrimp store. It was this intense

love for his work that finally caused his death.

Every morning, winter or summer, for ten consecutive years, he got up a six a:m to go to work. Because he could not drive an automobile, he walked from store to store, market to market in the early hours of dawn. He traveled at the least five miles a day, walking back and forth. Regularly he made this daily round, and he became a familiar figure in the streets of Chinatown.

On Saturdays and Sundays his second son aided him with the work. And he was able to have a few moments of rest during these two days.

From six a:m to nine he made his daily round, and a little over nine o'clock he reached home in time for his breakfast which usually consisted of three large bowls of rice, a hot steaming bowl of soup, a piece of salted fish, and some vegetables. On Sunday or Saturday he had either broiled chicken or roast duck. After his meal he would immediately go to work again. He had to go down to the dock on First and Broadway to ~~push~~ bring back many bags of shrimps with his two-wheeled cart.

He was a man of great strength, and his neck and arms were covered with prominent strips of sinewy muscles. He was able to pash the many bags of shrimps back to the store without any effort of strength.

His wife, who was a thin sickly woman, worked just as hard as her husband. She got up each morning at eight, prepared the breakfast in time for her husband to come back to eat it.

While the husband was occupied in eating, she opened the different sacks of shrimps, sorted the big ones from the small, weighted out definite amount to the different workers who came to the store each morning to work. Then she poured definite amount of shrimps into rice sacks which were later delivered by the strange woman to the workers who picked their shrimps at home.

The wife was a very peculiar person, being an extremely superstitious woman. She was very thrifty, and even though she was never in need of money, her house was poorly furnished, very old and aged, and it was only with the most consistent urging that she could be persuaded to buy anything new, whether it be clothes or furniture. The floor in her house was without linoleum, and the walls were painted with the cheapest kind of paint of a dull gray color. In fact, the whole house had a gloomy atmosphere of darkness. But it was during the New Year that she really reminded me of ancient China.

She was careful in her speech and action during the entire week of celebration, and to break any of the old customs during this time in her home was unheard of. Even her three sons had acquired some of the mother's superstitious beliefs.

Days before the New Year began, she cleaned her house with thoughtful care, washing all the floors and windows herself, throwing away all unwanted pieces of furniture that had accumulated during the year. During this period of preparation and cleaning, she would buy a bright piece of red cloth, and from it, she fashioned a magnificent curtain which she hung

on her bedroom door. The day before New Year's eve, she hid away all brooms and dustpans, and she would not use them for one entire week. For as she once said, "The dust and dirt that accumulate during the New Year are symbols of riches and gold that will accumulate in this house for the coming year."

When New Year's eve came along, she said prayers to an earthen God. She lit three red candles, burned long incense, poured three cups of wine, and put three steaming bowls of hot rice on the table. Then she placed three pairs of ivory chopsticks on the side of each cup of wine and rice. After the prayers, she burned golden papers, holding them in her hands, twirling them around the room, silently praying with religious reverance.

All night long she arranged oranges, lichee nuts, melon candy, and she wrapped money in little red pieces of paper. She did not sleep during New Year's eve, ~~she never slept~~. All night long she prepared this and that. She arranged flowers in an old earthen vessel, and she pasted red good luck papers on both sides of the wall. All during the week of celebration she never spoke a harsh word, never did anything wrong, never swept her floor at all.

After the holidays were over, she resumed her duties as a worker.

She was a sickly old thing, this wife, and as thin as a pole, but despite her condition, she worked as hard as ever, and yet she was able to stand ten whole years of it, outliving her husband who was a strong and robust person.

At that time the store was an immense success. It made a very prosperous business. Once at the very peak of business, there were over twenty workers in the store rushing order after order from early morning to night. And during the Christmas and Thanksgiving holidays, it is not an exaggeration to say that no one had time to eat or rest. The customers came uneeasingly, one after another. But the store had suffered periods of almost complete financial failure. Since the shrimp store was the only one in the city, it had a monopoly in the business. There were some Chinese merchants in San Francisco who became jealous of the great success of the store. They decided to start another shrimp store and take away all the business from this man. Soon afterwards a small shrimp store made its appearance in Chinatown, and immediately a battle began that ~~always~~ almost led to a confused tong war. The new store was unable to get any business selling ~~#####~~ its shrimps at the same price as the old store. The shrimp man in the old store was a genial and fair dealing person, and the customers saw no reason for buying their merchandise from anyone else.

The new store lowered its price by five cents a pound. Many good customers went over and bought from this store. The old shrimp man became furious. The only solution that he could think of in getting back his lost customers was to lower his own prices. This he did, and he was able to get back all his customers. However, the battle hadn't really started yet.

Once again the new store lowered its price five cents

more. Again the old shrimp man lowered his price in order to compete. Still the price of shrimps went lower until they were selling at forty cents a pound. For one complete year shrimps were sold at this price, without profit to anyone but the customers themselves. All that the old shrimp man made in former prosperity years was now slowly but steadily lost back during this one year of intense battle. He worked as hard as ever, but every month instead of having money come in to him, he had to give it out. He knew that one store must fail, and he had made up his mind that the store would not be his. He was right. The new store sank lower and lower in the heavy debts ~~they~~ it owed. The store failed, and the owners had to abandon their store here and move back to San Francisco.

But a new trouble arose after the ending of this one. Another man in San Francisco decided to wreck the business of the old shrimp man. However, he used different tatics than the ones the former people ~~who failed.~~ used. He had his store in San Francisco, and every morning he drove over here in an automobile heavily laden with packages of shrimps, and he went to every store and restaurant that usually bought its shrimps from the old shrimp man. He was able to take away many customers for he made his round earlier than the old shrimp man. Then by lowering his prices, he was able to get still more people to buy from him. Now the old shrimp man had lost a tremendous amount of money battling with the former rivals of his. And he did not think he can afford to lower his prices again to fight this new menace which now threatened his business.

One morning by accident the old shrimp man met his business rival outside a restaurant. He took this opportunity to say to him, "Both of us are doing business. Why must ~~me~~ we be always fighting each other. We are selling shrimps at such a low price that we are giving them away. I am willing to let the customers buy from whomever they wish, but you and I must sell the shrimps at regular prices."

The man from San Francisco would not agree. He wanted all the business for himself. Realizing that further talk was but a waste of time, the shrimp man decided to go into action. When he came face to face with the man again, he gave him a beating of his life. A tong war was almost started as a result of this. However it was avoided only after a great amount of trouble.

From then on the store had never been the same as it used to be. Too much money had been lost in the cheap selling of the shrimps, and the old shrimp man began at the bottom again. It took him two entire years to put his business back to its former level. Just when business was about to pick up, another stroke of bad luck came. For some peculiar reasons, no shrimps were available in San Francisco. The shrimp man had nothing to sell. The months went by. Still there were no shrimps.

During this period of idleness, the man and woman economized the best they could. They limited themselves to the bare necessities of life. But they had lost so much money that they found it necessary to borrow money from friends.

It was these friends that aided them through the trying period of poverty.

They began to pay off their debts little by little when the store got going again. But the old shrimp man had suffered too many disappointments, had been through too many obstacles to again have the enthusiasm he used to possess. Everything was against him these many years, and he fell sick. He died soon more because of a broken heart than of a serious illness. And on his deathbed he said, "If I were to become a ghost, may I come back and choke all enemies who had tried to wreck my business."

After his death, the wife and the sons took care of the store till the time it was sold to a new owner. All of the sons were hard workers, especially the third son. He was the one who labored the hardest. He got up two or three hours before school time, made his daily round, and then went to school. The second son stayed at the store and did all the easy work for he was not one who was very strong. The oldest son did all the evening and afternoon work.

Strangely enough, after the death of the husband the wife began to be stronger. Before, she could not even go outside of her home without catching cold. And she never took a trip outside of her home without first consulting the Goon Yum Goddess. Whatever she did, wherever she went, the Goon Yum Goddess made the final decision.

The wife was so superstitious that she had good luck signs pasted on her bedroom door, and on the doors in her sons room. They remained there all year around, and every New Year freshly brushed signs were substituted for the old ones.

She washed her hair only on certain days when the good luck book stated that it was a good day for it.

She was such a thrifty person that she saved all old clothes, old furniture, old papers until the empty rooms in her house were filled to capacity. Even then she did not want to get rid of them or give them away. She did not care how she dressed, nor did she care how her house looked, nor how she lived. She never opened the window when she went to bed. All the windows in the house were always closed, and the stale air filled the house everywhere. Because there was no fresh air circulating through the house, a strong odor of deadness and staleness could be felt in every room.

But the store was the worse part of the entire house. At that time there was only a small wooden ice box. It was not well built, and the strong odor of shrimps leaked out, mixing with the stale air. This odor was so unpleasant and disagreeable that many people had complained of it. But still the wife did nothing about it, for she could not stand pure fresh air in her house.

So greatly did she save her money that she rented whole sections of her house to people, and for many years two entire families were living in the house in addition to her and her two sons.

It is said that she never changed the bed sheets or pillow cases until they had been used on both sides and were as gray as the walls themselves. In order to have more rooms to rent, she made her sons sleep in the same room as

she did, and she separated her section of the room with a curtain of the cheapest material of the plainest cloth.

All of the sons were obedient, and they never complained of anything, putting up with everything she did.

The years went by, and the sons grew up. The oldest son married, but was later divorced from his wife.

The shrimp woman sold the store, and later moved into a small town to do business. And now she has dropped all her superstitious beliefs, and travels everywhere, anytime she wishes. A great change has come over her, and she has completely adopted new ways of dressing herself.

And once in awhile she comes back to the store to visit, and looking around she says, "What a difference the store is now." And she looks at the new icebox and then exclaims her surprise, "It is so big, so new."

And when she comes into the room in which her husband died, which is now a living room, she says, "It is the men from San Francisco who caused his death. No good will come of them." Her eyes flashes anger and hate.

Whenever I see this shrimp woman, or whenever I go into the room where her husband died, I again see before me the scene of him and her, the drama of failure and success, and I cannot forget it.

All these included 1/2/48

The Corpse Takes A Wife

Long ago there was a young and beautiful girl who, as she hurried along the road, becoming weary, sat down to rest on a large flat stone near it. Then after she had rested for a while she started home again. Before she reached it she became conscious of a peculiar sensation in her feet and legs as though she were walking on air. She felt dazed and half asleep. As days passed the pain grew worse and worse until the girl could not walk at all. Her mother was deeply concerned and tried to find out what had happened to injure her legs. "No, I have not hurt them. They began to ache after I sat on the flat stone to rest," the girl replied.

Then her mother went to look at the stone but could find nothing wrong about it. But somehow she felt things were not right, so she went to an old woman fortune-teller and asked her to tell what was wrong with the girl.

"Why your daughter sat on the lap of a dead man. He got hold of her legs and is trying to claim the girl for his wife," the fortune-teller explained.

"Sat on the lap of a dead man! But how could she?" the amazed mother asked.

"She sat on a tombstone by the side of the road and the man lies under the stone."

The mother went to the stone and burnt offerings begging the man not to claim her daughter but the girl was

A Full Life

On the sidewalks of Chinatown there are many old ~~man~~ men. Their faces are tanned by the countless days which they spent outside in the sun. They sit on doorsteps, on chairs, and on the sidewalks. Sometimes one ~~will~~ sees an old old man whose face ~~was~~ is covered with deep wrinkles that stand out like the canals in the planet mars. Some smoke long, old-fashioned pipes ~~that were~~ very quaint to behold. Most of them do not wear shoes. They wear a peculiar kind of Chinese slippers. Black. The careful observer will notice that these men wear heavy woolen stockings. They are bent, just overflowing with old age.

They walk slowly along the streets. Their talk is not any louder than ~~just~~ a mere whisper. Some who are stronger talk with loud and strong voices. All speak different dialects. But they understand each other.

As I watch them we wonder who they are, what they do and why they are here. Perhaps it will be something which I will not be able to explain fully. Yet I wonder what their life was like. What did they do when they were young? Was there any difference between life today and yesterday? With this question in my mind I determined to find out the answers. I addressed them But it was a failure. They are too suspicious. They do not want to talk.

Perhaps I should not blame them for not wanting to talk. If someone stopped me on the streets and asked me to tell about the story of my life, I, too, would get suspicious. So I decided that the only way in which I could get any answers was to go to the different families and investigate. ~~And so for this story we~~ I did so and this is the story will write about. It concerns a woman who had led a "full life."

A full life means a good life. And a good life to a Chinese woman means a life full of children. Eight, nine, or more happily, ten. Women who had small families would say to the woman who had a large family, "~~Goodwife~~ My dear woman, but you must indeed have lived a good and a happy life." And ~~the goodwife~~ she would answer, "Life is strenuous, what with so many children to take care of. You are indeed fortunate to have a small family." But in her heart the woman did not mean what she said. She ~~is~~ was happy to have other women praised her.

The young women of today are a little different. Their families are smaller and perhaps it is for the best that they are. They know that it is not an easy thing to take care of a huge family.

But this woman is a woman of old China. When she became a wife she was aware that she would become the mother of a large family. She was fully prepared to face a life of struggle, of work. For did not her mother face the same condition when she became a wife? And her grandmother?

The woman is forty-nine. She ~~have~~ has six children. And the youngest one is only two years old. ~~Remarkable, these Chinese woman. And what they can do.~~ are truly remarkable. One of them died when he was a little baby. ~~Another~~ It is a strange ~~thing is~~ fact that in almost every family that we interviewed, ~~we~~ I found out that there was always ~~a person~~ one individual who died when he was little. This family was no exception.

~~As expected,~~ All of the children ~~are~~ were born in America. The woman however had married him in China. ~~And~~ Her husband ~~is~~ was born in America.

~~It is getting to be so much similarity in the different stories that if we close our eyes we could type a story of our imagination and when we finished, we would probably not be so far wrong from being an actual story.~~

The woman came from ~~lived in~~ Ho Chung, ~~village. It is~~ a small village in the province of Canton. Her girlhood days were spent there. She had a little schooling. Her mother had a large family of twelve children. The woman is the sixth child. When a little girl, her mother bound ~~binded~~ her feet until they were not more than five or six inches. It was very painful ~~for her~~, but she stood it all because it was the custom in those days to bind the feet of every girl.

Her feet became so small that if they were to be put into Cinderella's slippers, they would be completely lost. She arrived in this country wearing a pair of hand-made flowered embroidered ~~sewed~~ slippers. She wore ~~was wearing~~ black-silk trousers ~~pants~~ and she had a head band across her head. ~~We do not know the English word for it.~~ It ~~But the band~~ was five or six inches wide and about a foot long. It was put around the head and tied at the back. The purpose, I think, ~~we presume~~, was to serve as kind of ~~a~~ hat. ~~And~~ Her hair was arranged smoothly, ~~and~~ combed back and was tied at the back. When she arrived people stared at her and wondered what it was that had come ashore.

But today, after fifteen years in America, she looked much younger and prettier than fifteen years ago. She showed me some pictures of herself at the time she arrived in this country. ~~And~~ They were ~~are actually~~ screaming ly funny. ~~Personally~~ I would never have known it was the same person if she had not told me so herself.

Today her hair is bobbed. It is arranged in a soft effect with waves that ~~made~~ keep her look much younger. She does not wear the head band anymore. Nor does she wear hand-made shoes or ~~Nor does she wear~~ Chinese robes and silk trousers ~~pants~~. She wears sweaters and skirts. Really she does not look ~~like she~~ ~~did~~ ~~was~~ as if she were forty-nine at all. ~~She look much younger.~~ With the single exception of her feet she

~~could be classify~~ (would be regarded) as being quite beautiful.

Since she gave up wearing those hand-made shoes she (has) had a hard time buying shoes that ~~would~~ fit her feet. When she first started to wear shoes she had a miserable time. She just could not walk with ~~shoes on~~ them at all. The shoes were so big that whenever she walked, the shoes just dropped ~~out~~ off. (Then) Another woman who had (had) the same trouble with her feet recommended a certain store that sold shoes made to order. This shoe store sold shoes of all kinds and makes. ~~They have~~ (and it has) a special department in which they take care of oriental woman who had (up) trouble with their shoes. The average price for one of these shoes was over twenty dollars. ~~And~~ (Yet) the woman paid ~~for~~ it (willingly) ~~too~~. These shoes are of such superior quality that they last year after year.

When this woman first bought her pair of shoes ~~from this store it~~ they still did not fit her perfectly. The store made ~~it~~ them as small as possible, but ~~it was~~ they were still too large. So the woman solved the problem by putting cotton on the toe-end of the shoe and (after that) she ~~did not~~ have (had no) ~~any~~ more trouble.

~~We will not discuss anymore on shoes or the reader will think we are writing an essay on footwear instead of writing an interview.~~

Now this woman is not (of) the so-called delicate type. ~~She, goodness~~ ~~not~~ (Yet she), is not the course type (either). She is just an average woman. ~~And like all women, there might be a few exceptions, she wanted to get married and raised a family. And what a family! As the results will show.~~

When ~~the woman~~ she had her first baby, (although it was born here, her) people in China celebrated the occasion with ~~more enthusiasm~~ (great joy, far greater) than the people (are accustomed to do) over here.

There were many reasons for their joy ~~to explain it~~. First; the baby was a boy. And, the male sex to the Chinese people, this is ~~is considered~~ important. ~~(Am I blushing.)~~ Second: by the man's father in China had ~~was~~ become ~~becoming~~ a grandfather once more ~~all over again~~. Third: by the woman sent money back to her ~~the~~ folks back in China for the celebration.

Nothing would please an oriental person more than to have a baby boy, or two, or three.

Life for the woman is, when she was a girl, had been very ~~was~~ not exciting. She helped with the housework. ~~And~~ She went to school. Then she married and came over ~~to~~ here. She lived in San Francisco after her arrival ~~when she came over~~. As was the custom with many families in those days, she lived with another family. She paid one half of the rent, gas, electric, water, and garbage. The families were crowded together. Usually there was but one bedroom, and a ~~one~~ small kitchen. And a little room to put odd things in. When the woman had her first baby, the baby had a little crib of its ~~her~~ own. When more and more children came the room was not big enough to hold them all.

The woman sewed clothes on a Singer sewing machine for many years. Even after ~~when~~ she had a ~~small~~ baby to take care, she worked just the same. She put the baby on her back in a, what shall we called it, a sort of carrier. It is a big piece of heavy cloth with four long bands attached to ~~sewed on~~ the four corners.

The baby was put on the back of the woman and the cloth was place over him. The two long bands at the botton of the cloth ~~wase~~ allowed to drop down the sides, and the two bands at the top of the cloth were allowed to drop over the shoulders to the front of the chest. Then all four ~~of the bands~~ were tied together in the front near the stomach. The woman worked many times in this

manner. And sometimes when she was through with her work her back would ache and hurt her. There were many Chinese women who worked under these ~~in that~~ condition. Today ~~the~~ however, we rarely see the young women using that old-fashioned carrier on the baby.

The woman now speaks English quite well. She, ~~too,~~ has learned it all by ear. She knows the Chinese language fairly well, but not well enough to write letters. It is surprising how many people do not know how to write Chinese letters. Even those who had been to school and know quite a lot do not know how to write them well.

The woman told me ~~said~~, "Taking care of a family is not an easy task. There are so many expenses. We have a hard time getting along as it is ~~we are~~. When someone gets married or someone has a baby we, of course, have to buy presents and gifts. Since such ~~And those two~~ things happen~~ed~~ very often, ~~so that~~ we are always buying this and that. When anyone of the children gets sick we have to worry about the doctor's bill. When their shoes become worn out ~~broken~~ we have to worry about buying new shoes. Worry, worry all the time.

"In China when I was a little girl, we did not seem to have so much worry. We had a large family. We got along all right. If we did not have any new clothes it did not matter. If we got sick, we just drank a cup of herbs recommended to us by the pulse-reading ~~feeling~~ doctor. We ate rice, greens, and salted fish. Nobody complained about the food.

"But children today are different. They would not eat the same food day after day. They want variety. Otherwise they ~~Or else they~~ will ~~would~~ not eat. They want new things to wear. They want toys with which to play. They are always wanting something. I have always ~~said~~ claimed that a ~~the~~ family that ~~who~~ makes enough to pay ~~for~~ expenses is very fortunate.

"I spend a lot of money, but not foolishly. Yet I am not like other women who hoard their money. If I think that things are really necessary, I will buy them. I will not hesitate. I think it is foolish to spend money unwisely, but I think it is even more foolish to hoard it. Not that we should not save money. Indeed we should save, but not hoard."

"You have changed quite a lot since you came over?" I asked her.

"I have. When I first bobbed my hair I felt strange. But nobody laughed at me so I thought it was all right. I was one of the first Chinese woman to have her hair bobbed. I think it was in 1925 ~~that I bobbed my hair~~. Immediately all of my friends who were not too old, bobbed their ~~hair~~ also. It saved me a lot of trouble for ~~because I bobbed my hair~~. When my hair was arranged in the Chinese style I had a lot of trouble taking care of it. Sometimes one has to have another person fixed ~~the~~ it hair for you ~~us~~. When there was ~~we have~~ a party I ~~we~~ spent hours fixing it, ~~our hair up~~. Now, with bobbed hair, all I ~~we~~ have to do is to give the hair an easy brushing and I am ~~we are~~ through. It is a great help now that I am ~~helps me a lot because~~ I have so many children. ~~I do not have to spend so much time fixing my hair as I used to do.~~"

"How does America suit you?"

"America is a fine place to live in. Everything is so up to date. In China I had trouble with my eyes. Near ~~Short~~-sightness. It wasn't till I landed in America that I wear glasses. ~~And~~ I think they are a nuisance. I am ~~got~~ so used to them, however, that if I stopped wearing them for a day I could not get along. America is a fine place to raise children. They have so many advantages over here. The children have a greater scope in the field of

education. Take myself for instance. When I was a little girl I did not have half the advantages ~~as~~ the boys and girls of today have. I had to pay for my education. Over here there are public schools. ~~There~~ where one ~~have~~ has the opportunity to learn art, English, music, arithmetic and scores of other subjects. In high school one ~~could~~ can learn ~~the higher types of~~ science and mathematics. Did we have such a opportunity in China? No. My girlhood days are not the kind of days that the girl of today would like. In China when I was a little girl. ~~But~~ I was treated like a woman. I did the work of the house ~~when~~ even very ~~little~~ small. I could cook a meal when I was seven. I did not have much time for pleasure. I had a little education but not much. ~~Not very much though.~~"

This woman had married when she was twenty-six. That was a very old age for a girl in China to get married. Her husband then came over alone. He worked in America for eight years and then he went back to bring ~~his wife~~ her over here. ~~The wife~~ She was thiry-four when she came to Ameica. Today ~~living here so long~~ she is approaching ~~the half century mark~~ fifty. While her husband was over here she lived with her mother in the village.

There are many Chinese families today that are like that. The husband is over here while the wife ~~is back there~~ remains in China.

~~When~~ After she came ~~over~~ here ~~the woman~~ little by ~~little~~ she began to change ~~over~~. She discarded her native dress and adopted the more modern American clothing. In fact she change herself completely over. ~~And that is something.~~ There are many woman today who ~~are~~ were just the same as when they first ~~came~~ came over. Some of them are still wearing those odd looking head-bands. Indeed those woman would simply be out of place wearing American

clothing. They are the one hundred percent Chinese as far as their habits and clothing are concerned.

But This woman became westernized. She ~~had kept~~ tried to keep pace with the ever changing world. We can be sure that her children will not be brought up to believe in superstition and such odd things.

America is America and China is China. Because she lived over here she thinks it is fitting that the children be brought up in the occidental manner. And they are.

A full life to this woman is a life of children and of work. A life of struggling, a life of hope. How many young people today would call that sort of a life a complete one? Few would. She does. ~~But the majority would not think so.~~

If this woman were to live her life all over again she probably would choose the same kind of life. She would repeat it and live a "full life", all over again.

A Full Life

On the sidewalks of Chinatown there are many old men. Their faces are tanned by the countless days which they spend outsiue in the sun. They sit on doorsteps, on chairs, and on the sidewalks. Sometimes one sees an old, old man whose face is covered with deep wrinkles that stand out like the canals on the planet Mars. Some smoke long, old-fashioned pipes, very quaint to behold. Most of them do not wear shoes. They wear a peculiar kind of Chinese slippers. Black. The careful observer will notice that these men wear heavy woolen stockings. They are bent, just overflowing with old age.

They walk slowly along the streets. Their talk is not any louder than a mere whisper. Some who are stronger talk with loud and strong voices. All speak different dialects. But they understand each other.

As I watch them I wonder who they are, what they do and why they are here. Perhaps it will be something which I will not be able to explain fully. Yet I wonder what their life was like. What did they do when they were young? Was there any difference between life yesterday and life today?

With this question in my mind I determined to find out the answers. I addressed them. But it was a failure. They are too suspicious. They do not want to talk.

Perhaps I should not blame them for not wanting to talk. If someone stopped me on the streets and asked me to tell about the story of my life, I, too, would get suspicious. So I decided that the only way in which I could get any answers

was to go to the different families and investigate. I did so and this is the story I will write. It concers a woman who had led a full life.

A full life means a good life. And a good life to a Chinese woman means a life full of children. Eight, nine, or more happily, ten. Woman who had small families would say to the woman who had a large family, "My dear woman, but you must indeed, have lived a good and a happy life". And she would answer, "Life is strenuous, what with so many children to take care of. You are, indeed, fortunate to have a small family." But in her heart the woman did not mean what she said. She was happy to have other women praise her.

The young women of today are a little different. Their families are smaller and perhaps it is for the best that they are. They know that it is not an easy thing to take care of a huge family.

But this woman is a woman of old China. When she became a wife she was aware that she would become the mother of a large family. She was fully prepared to face a life of struggle, of work. For did not her mother face the same condition when she became a wife? And her grandmother?

The woman is forty-nine. She has six children. And the youngest one is only two years old. One child died when he was a little baby. It is a strange fact that in almost every family that I interviewed I found out that there was always one child who died when he was little. This family was no exception.

All of the children were born in America. Her husband was born in America. The woman, however, had married him in China.

The woman came from Ho Chung, a small village in the province of Canton. Her girlhood days were spent there. She had a little schooling. Her mother had a large family of twelve children. The woman is the sixth child. When a little girl, her mother bound her feet intil they were not more than five or six inches long. It was very painful, but she stood it all because it was the custom in those days to bind the feet of every girl.

Her feet became so small that if they were to be put into Cinderella's slippers, they would be completely lost. She arrived in this country wearing a pair of hand-made flower embroidered slippers. She wore black silk trousers and she had a headband across her head. It was five or six inches wide and about a foot long. It was put around the head and tied at the back. The purpose, I think, was to serve as a kind of hat. Her hair was arranged smoothly, combed back and tied at the back. When she arrived people stared at her and wondered what it was that had come ashore.

But today, after fifteen years in America, she looks much younger and prettier than fifteen years ago. She showed me some pictures of herself at the time she arrived in this country. They were screamingly funny. I would never have known it was the same person if she had not told me so herself.

Today her hair is bobbed. It is arranged in a soft effect with waves that makes her look much younger. She does not wear the headband anymore. Nor does she wear hand-made shoes or Chinese robes and silk trousers. She wears sweaters and skirts. Really she does not look as if she were forty-nine at all. With the single exception of her feet she would be regarded as being quite beautiful.

Since she gave up wearing those hand-made shoes she has had a hard time buying shoes that fit her feet. When she first started to wear shoes she had a miserable time. She just could not walk in them at all. The shoes were so big that wherever she walked, the shoes just dropped off. Then another woman who had had the same trouble with her feet recommended a certain store that sold shoes made to order. This shoestore sold shoes of all kinds and makes and it had a special department in which they took care of oriental women who have trouble with their shoes. The average price for one of these pairs of shoes was over twenty dollars. Yet the woman paid it willingly. These shoes are of such superior quality that they last year after year.

When this woman bought her first pair of shoes they still did not fit her perfectly. The store made them as small as possible, but they were still too large. So the woman solved the problem by putting cotton on the toe-end of the shoe and after that she had no more trouble.

Now this woman is not of the so-called delicate type. Yet she is not the coarse type either. She is just an average woman.

When she had her first baby, although it was born here, her people in China celebrated the occasion with great joy, far greater than the people are accustomed to do over here.

There were many reasons for their joy. First; the baby was a boy and, to the Chinese people, this is important. Secondly, the man's father in China had become a grandfather once more. Thirdly, the woman sent money back to her folks in China for the celebration.

Nothing would please an oriental person more than to have a baby boy, or two, or three.

Life for this woman, when she was a girl, had not been very exciting. She helped with the housework. She went to school. Then she married and came over here. She lived in San Francisco after her arrival. As was the custom with many families in those days, she lived with another family. She paid one-half of the rent, gas, electricity, water and garbage. The families were crowded together. Usually there was but one bedroom, a small kitchen, and a little room to put odd things in. When the woman had her first baby, the baby had a little crib of its own. When more and more children came the room was not big enough to hold them all.

The woman sewed clothes on a Singer sewingmachine for many years. Even after she had a baby to take care of, she

worked just the same. She put the baby on her back in a--what shall we call it--a sort of carries. It is a big piece of heavy cloth with four long bands attached to the four corners. The baby was put on the back of the woman and the cloth was placed over him. The two long bands at the bottom of the cloth were allowed to drop down the sides and the two bands at the top of the cloth were allowed to drop over the shoulders to the front of the chest. Then all four were tied together in the front over the woman's stomach. She worked many times in this manner. And sometimes when she was through with her work her back would ache and hurt her. There were many Chinese women who worked under these conditions. Today, however, we rarely see the young women using that old-fashioned carrier on the baby.

The woman now speaks English quite well. She has learned it all by ear. She knows the Chinese language fairly well, but not well enough to write letters. It is surprising how many people do not know how to write Chinese letters. Even those who have been to school and know quite a lot do not know how to write them well.

The woman told me, "Taking care of a family is not an easy task. There are so many expenses. We have a hard time getting along as it is. When someone gets married or someone has a baby we, of course, have to buy presents and gifts. Since such things happened very often, we are always buying this and that. When anyone of the children gets sick we have

Jon Lee rewrite

A Chinese Wife
(former title A Full Life)

This densely populated area, with its brightly lighted shops, its many restaurants and gambling places is a little separated section, alone, apart, yet remaining an integral part of the metropolis, is my birthplace, my home, my Chinatown.

From little wooden buildings, from small structures, Chinatown has risen rapidly, and I have grown up with it. Today Chinatown has a fascination when at night the glistening neon signs flash continuously, never stopping, until the early hours of dawn. In the street the people mingle and talk, and the ever rushing tide of humanity surges onward. In these few short years a new prosperity, an uplift in business have come, and as a result, Chinatown is no longer a place of darkness and mystery, but a business center of great interest. Although the business section is composed of three densely populated city blocks, within this small section I have seen a great variety of people come and go, people of all types and ages. Daily I see old men sitting on sidewalks, on doorsteps, on chairs, their faces tanned by countless hours in the sun, leisurely taking their time in talk and gossip. On their faces I read the long years of hardship and struggle, I see the story of accomplishments and defeats, and I gaze into their dreams of returning to the homeland for the final rest. On their wrinkled faces, I can see tragedy and laughter, sadness and joy. Most of these men do not wear shoes. They wear the typical

Chinese slippers of a dark black color. Heavy woolen stockings cover their feet. The men are old, some are bent, some talk in almost inaudible sounds. They walk slowly on the street, feeling their way carefully with a wooden cane they hold in their hands. Their talk is not louder than just a mere whisper. All dialects are spoken, but the men understand each other.

Sometimes when I watch them, I wonder who they are, what they do, and why they are here? I wonder what kind of life they live, what did they do when they were young. Is there any difference between life today and yesterday? Do they have a hard time getting along? These questions will remain unanswered, for these men are very hard to approach.

I have seen so many of these men, and they always remind me of far away China, why I do not know. Perhaps it is because so many of them wear the old Chinese costume consisting of black cloak and trousers, and a pair of black slippers. Some of these men sit in the sun all day long, smoking old-fashioned pipes that are very quaint to behold. And while they smoke on, their eyes seem so far away, dreaming of distant places. They inhale the smoke, then exhale it, unconscious of everything around them. And when at last they have drawn the last breath of smoke from the long pipes, they give forth a yawn as if they have just woke up from a dream. Then they refill their pipe, and settle back into peaceful dreaming again.

These old men are a familiar sight to me. All these years that I have passed back and forth, I see them, and many

of them I know by sight, but not by name. How strange it is to me to see these men still here, just as I saw them so many years ago, with no difference in clothes or appearances. Have they not changed along, as Chinatown has done? To all outward appearances, they are just the same, and I have no doubt that their perspective of life, their point of view is the same as ever. For have I not seen them with a disgust in their faces when they see the spending of money by young people? I have heard them criticize the manners of the young generation, and I have endured long dull talks on filial behavior and countless speeches on old obsolete worship. Some of them realize ~~the~~ that the modern world is rapidly changing, and people and customs change with it. Others hold on to the ancient customs they learned when they were small, and they could not understand the rapid change in the modern youth.

But is it only the youth that is changing?

Many men and women of ancient China have changed too, acquiring new modes of living, discarding completely their old Chinese clothes, adopting everything of the western world. They know that this is not China, and that it is useless to force their children toward ancient worship, yet they know too, that because they are Chinese, they must not allow their children to become completely westernized, losing all background of the native land of their ancestors.

Although the flowers and leaves blossom forth in this land, the roots remain firmly entrenched in the old country.

In the majority of cases, the Chinese of today belong to this group.

The story of this woman, ~~like the town itself~~, has a similiarity to the growth of the town, inasmuch as it is the story of a woman of ancient China who changed over and adopted western customs, discarding most of her obsolete ways and customs. Like a personified Chinatown, she radiates the new trend which has slowly but steadily gone onwards in the Chinese wives in this land.

Looking at her today, no one would ever think that once she was a typical woman who came from the small villages of China, a woman who spoke no English when she first came to America, who knew nothing of western ways. But today, after almost twenty years in this country, she looks much younger than she was fifteen years ago. Her glistening black hair is bobbed in soft effects around her face. Her clothes consists of a blouse, sweater, and a woolen skirt. The only odd thing about her is her small feet which were bound by her parents when she was a little girl.

Her girlhood days were spent in the village where she was born, and it was there that she had a little schooling. She was the sixth child in a family of twelve children, and her parents were hard working farmers who managed to eke out a living from the land. Even though she was a daughter of a farmer, she had to have her feet bound when she became of age. She remembered all the pain and time that were necessary before her feet were small enough to be called "lily feet." Her feet were about six inches long, and three inches wide then.

Telling of her life, she said, "When I see the expenses piling up each month with so many children to care for, I always think back of my girlhood days in China. I was a member of a large family, but my parents managed to get aliving out of the soil. If I did not have any clothes, I had to get along the best I can. If I got sick, I just drank a cup of herbs recommended to me by a pulse reading doctor. For food, I ate the most simple meals consisting of rice, salted fish, and occasionally duck and chicken. None of us ever complained about the food.

"But the children of today are different. They will not eat the same kind of food day after day. They want variety, or else they would not eat anything. They always are in need of new clothes, of new toys, always desiring something. I have always said that the family who makes enough for expenses is very fortunate indeed in this time of need. Because I have six ##### children, it is necessary to spend a great amount of money each month, but I do not spend the money foolishly. I do not believe in hoarding money. Whenever I find it necessary to purchase anything, I will buy it. I always had a great admiration for my mother who was able to raise all us children just on the food from the farm. She raised all of us up simply and only with what she got from the farm.

"Because I find it so hard to meet the expenses each month, I wonder how it is that my mother was able to care for us when we were children. I only wish I can bring up my children as easily and happily as my mother did when I was a

child.

"America was to me a place of great wealth and fortune when I first heard of it. The Chinese called it the Golden Hills, where money is everywhere for those who desire it. And when I first came here, I expected to find great wealth. I was disappointed in the fact that I found just another city, like any other city, but the money did not flow in thestreet as I had been told."

Here she stopped, and she went to the drawer and took out some old pictures of herself. The woman in the picture was old enough to be this woman's mother, yet it was the picture of this woman herself when she first arrived in the country. It was quite faded, but every detail in the picture was clearly defined. It was the picture of a fat woman robed in ancient Chinese dress, whose hair were tied with a wide black band around the head. The only things that I could recognize were the features on the face which are now more youthful, more firm than those on the picture.

But today after fifteen years in America she looks much younger and prettier than she did fifteen years ago. Although she is forty-nine years old, she does not look it, for her face is soft and pink, and the texture is smooth and firm. The only thing that spoils her beauty is her small feet. It throws her whole person out of proportion.

Since she gave up wearing those small hand-made shoes she had a difficult time buying footwear that would fit her. When she first discarded the Chinese slippers for western shoes, she had a miserable time, for no matter what size shoes she

bought, none seemed to fit her delicate feet. After years of discomfort, she finally discovered a store that specialized in making odd size shoes for oriental women. From then on, this woman's foot trouble came to an end. The shoes cost from fifteen to twenty dollars a pair, but because they gave such comfort and because they lasted for a indefinite period of time, all Chinese women who could afford it, buy shoes from this store.

The early life of this woman was just an ordinary existence typical of the farm people in the small villages. She helped with the housework, and she had a little schooling.

She was married when she was twenty-six years of age. Her husband came over to America alone, and for eight years he worked, and regularly he sent his money back to the wife. At the end of eight years, he saved enough money, and he sent a letter back to the wife, and she came over. While the husband was here in America, the wife lived her mother, patiently waiting for the day when she could come here.

When she first came here she brought with her all ancient customs and worships she learned as a little girl. These she followed and adhered to strictly, not once disregarding all she had learned no matter how small it was.

For many years she wore her Chinese clothes and her head band which she tied around her head. She followed the holidays regularly. She did everything as if she was back in China. Then when the children grew up, the woman found that she could not dress the way she had been used to and not make her children ashamed of her. Then while Chinatown changed, she

herself changed too. She discarded her native dress and adopted the more modern and comfortable American clothes. She became westernized, for she had kept pace with the ever changing times.

Today she lives in a comfortable, but very modest home. There are two radios in the house, and she owns an automobile which her son drives every day. The house is furnished with good comfortable furniture.

"When I realize how long it takes me to get some of the comforts of life, I come to know of the long hours of struggle and work I did when I first came here. I have sewed clothes with a child on my back until I was exhausted completely. I have known periods of bitterness where I did not know where the next meal is coming from, or how I was to go on living. If it wasn't for the generous help of some of my friends during my early days, I would never have survived through those time of needs.

"I remember the time when I lived in a crowded apartment house in San Francisco with another family, a place so small and densely populated that there was no ventilation or fresh air available. It was cheap, and there was another family who lived with me and my husband. I paid one half the rent, half the gas, electric, water, and garbage bills. We lived in one small room, cooked our meals in a tiny kitchen. All the rest of our possessions are put into a small room where they laid untouched until we moved to another place with more accomodations.

would call that sort of a life a complete one? Few would. But the majority would not think so.

If this woman were to live her life all over again she probably would choose the same kind of life. She would live a "full life" all over again.

A Full Life

On the sidewalks of Chinatown there are many old men. Their faces are tanned by the countless days which they spent outside in the sun. They sit on doorsteps, on chairs, and on the sidewalks. Sometimes one will see an old old man whose face is covered with deep wrinkles that stand out like the canals in the planet Mars. Some smoke, long, old-fashinoned pipes that were very quaint to behold. Most of them do not wear shoes. They wear a peculiar kind of Chinese slippers. Black. The careful observant will notice that these men wear heavy woolen stockings. They are bent, just overflowing with old age.

They walk slowly on the streets. Their talk is not louder than just a mere whisper. Some who are stronger talk with loud and strong voices. All speak different dialiects. But they understand each other.

As we watch them we wonder who they are, what they do and why they are here. Perhaps it will be someting which we will not be able to explain fully. We wonder what their life was like. What did they do when they were young. Was there any difference between life today and yesterday? With this question in our mind we determined to find out the answers. But it was a failure. They are so suspicious. They do not want to talk.

Perhaps we should not blame them for not wanting to talk. If someone stopped us on the streets and asked us to tell about the story of our life, we too would get suspicious. So we decided that the only way in which we can get stories is to go to the different families and investigate. And so for this story we will write about a woman who had a "full life."

A full life means a good life. And a good life to a Chinese woman means a life full of children. Eight, nine, or more happily ten. Women who had small families would say to the woman who had a large family, "Good wife, but you must have lived a good and happy life." And the good wife would answer, "Life is strenuous what with so many children to take care of. You are indeed fortunate to have a small family." But in her heart the woman did not mean what she said. She is happy to have other women praise her.

The young women of today are a little different. Their families are smaller and perhaps it is for the best that they are. They know that it is not an easy thing to take care of a huge family.

But this woman is a woman of old China. When she became a wife she was aware that she would become the mother of a large family. She was fully prepared to face a life of struggle, of work. For did not her mother face the same condition when she became a wife? And her grandmother?

A Full Life

The woman is forty-nine. She has six children. And the youngest one is only two years old. Remarkable, these Chinese women. And what they can do. One of them died when he was a little baby. Another strange thing is that almost every family that we interviewed, we found out that there was always a person who died when he was little. This family was no exception.

As expected, all of the children are born in America. The woman married in China. And her husband is born in America.

It is getting to be so much similarity in the different stories that if we close our eyes we could type a story of our imagination and when we finished, it would probably not be so far wrong from being an actual story.

The woman lived in Ho Chung village. It is a small village in Canton. Her girlhood days were spent there. She had a little schooling. Her mother had a large family of twelve children. The woman is the sixth child. When a little girl her mother binded her feet until they were not more than five or six inches. It was very painful for her, but she stood it all because it was the custom in those days to bind the feet of every girl.

Her feet became so small that if they were to be put into Cinderella's slippers, they would be completely lost. She arrived in this country wearing a pair of hand-made flowere-sewed slippers. She was wearing black-silken pants and she had a head band across her head. We do not know the English word for it. But the band was five or six inches wide and about a foot long. It was put around the head and tied at the back. The purpose, we presume, was to serve as a hat. And her hair was arranged smoothly and combed back and was tied at the back. When she arrived people stared at her and wondered what it was that had come ashore.

But today after fifteen years in America she looked much younger and prettier than fifteen years ago. She showed me some pictures of herself at the time she arrived in this country. And they are actually screaming. Personally I would never have known it was the same person if she had not told me so herself.

Today her hair is bobbed. It is arranged in a soft effect with waves that made her look much younger. She does not wear the head ban anymore. Noe does she wear hand-made shoes. Nor does she wear Chinese roes and silk pants. She wears sweaters and skirts. Really she does not look like she is forty-nine at all. She looks much younger. With the single exception of her feet she could be classified as being quite beautiful.

Since she gave up wearing thsoe hand-made shoes she had hard time buying shoes that would fit her feet. When she first started to wear shoes she had a miserable time. She just could not walk with shoes on. The shoes were so big that whenever she walked, the shoes just dropped out. Another woman who had the same trouble

wit her feet recommended a certain store that sold shoes made to order. This shoe store sold shoes of all kinds and makes. They had a special department in which they take care of oriental women who had trouble with their shoes. The average price for one of these shoes was over twenty dollars. And the woman paid for it too. These shoes are of such superior quality that the last year after year.

When this woman first bought her pair of shoes from this tore it still did not fit her perfectly. The store made it as small as possible, but it was still too large. So the woman solved the problem by putting cotton on the toe end of the shoe and she did not have any more trouble.

We dill not discuss anymore on shoes or the reader will think we are writing an essay on footwear instead of writing on an interview.

This woman is not the so called delicate type. She, goodness, is not the course type. She is just an average woman. And like all women, there might be a few exceptions, she wanted to get married and raise a family. And what a family! As the results will show.

When the woman had her first baby, people in China celebrated the occasion with more enthusiasm than the people over here.

There were many reasons to explain it. First: the baby was a boy. And the male sex to the Chinese people is considered important. (Am I blushing.) Second: the man's father in China was becoming a grandfather all over again. Third: the woman sent money back to the folks back in China for the celebration.

Nothing would please an oriental person more than to have a baby boy, or two, or three.

Life for the woman when she was a girl was not exciting. She helped with the housework. And she went to schoo. She married and came over here. She lived in San Francisco when she came over. As was the custom with many families in those days, she lived with another family. She paid one half of the rent, gas, electric, water, and garbage. The families were crouded together. Usually there was but one bedroom. One small kitchen. And a little room to put odd things. When the woman had her first baby, the baby had a little crib of her own. When more and more children came the room was not big enough to hold them all.

The woman sewed clothes on a singer machine for many years. Even when she had a small baby to take care of, she worked just the same. She put the baby on her back in a, what shall we call it, a sort of carrier. It is a big piece of heavy cloth with four long bands sewed on the four corners.

The baby was put on the back of the woman and the cloth was placed over him. The two long bands at the bottom of the cloth were

allowed to drop over the sides. The two bands at the top of the cloth were allowed to drop over the shoulders at the front of the chest. Then all four of the bands were tied together in the fron near the stomach. The woman worked many times in this manner. And sometimes when she was tough with her work her back would ache and hurt her. There were many Chinese women who worked in that condition. Today we rarely see the young women using that old-fashioned carrier on the baby.

The woman speaks English quite well. She, too, learned it by ear. She knows the Chinese language failry well, but not well enough to write letters. It is surprising how many people do not know how to write Chinese letters. Even those who have been to school and know quite a lot do not know how to write them well.

The woman said, "Taking care of a family is not an easy task. There are so many expenses. We have a hard time getting alons as we are. When someone gets married or someone has a baby we have to buy presents and gifts. And those two things happened very often so that we are always buying this and that. When anyone of the children gets sick we have to worry about the doctor's bill. When their shoes become broken we have to worry about buying new shoes. Worry, worry all the time.

"In China when I was a little girl, we did not seem to have so much worry. We had a large family. We got along all right. If we did not have any new clothes it did not matter. If we got sick, we just drank a cup of herbs recommended to us by the pulse-feeling doctor. We ate rice, greens, and salted fish. Nobody complained about the food.

"But children today are different. They would not eat the same food day after day. They want variety. Or else they would not eat. They want new things to wear. They want toys to play. They are always wanting someting. I always said that the family who make enough for expenses is very fortunate.

"I spend a lot of money, but not foolishly. I am like other women who hoarded their money. If I think that things are necessary, I will buy them. I will not hesitate. I think it is foolish to spend money unwisely, but I think it is more foolish to hoard it. Not that we should not save money. We should save, but not hoard."

"You changed quite a lot since you came over?"

"I have. When I first boby my hair I felt strange. But nobody laughed at me so I thought it was all right. I was one of the first Chinese women to have her hair bobbed. I think it was in 1925 that I bobbed my hair. Immediately all of my friend who are not too old, bobbed their hair also. It saved me a lot of trouble because I bobbed my hair. When my hair was arranged in the Chinese style I had a lot of trouble taking care of it. Sometimes we have

to have another person fixed the hair for us. When we have a party we spent hours fixing our hair up. Now with bobbed hair, all we have to do is to give the hair an easy brushing and we are through. It helps me a lot because I have so many children. I do not have to spend so much time fixing my hair as I used to do."

"How does America suit you?"

"America is a fine place to live. Everything is so up to date. In China I had trouble with my eyes. Short-sightedness. It wasn't until I landed in America that I wear glasses. And I think they are a nuisance. I got so used to them that if I stopped wearing them for a day I could not get along. America is a fine place to raise children. They have so many advantages over here. The children have a greater scope in the field of education. Take myself for instance. When I was a little girl I did not have half the advantages as the boys and girls of today have. I had to pay for my education. Over here there are public schools. There one has the opportunity to learn art, English, music arithmetic, and scores of other subjects. In high school one could learn the higher types of science and mathematics. Did we have such an opportunity? No. My girlhood days are not the kind of days that the girl of today would like. I was a little girl. But was treated like a woman. I did the work of the house when very little. I could cook a meal when I was seven. I did not have much time for pleasure. I had a little education. Not very much though."

This woman married when she was twenty-six. That was very old age for a girl to get married. Her husband then came over alone. He worked in America for eight years and then he went back to bring his wife over. The wife was thirty-four when she came to America. Today living here so long she is approaching the half century mark. While her husband was over here she lived with her mother in the village.

There are many Chinese families today that are like that. The husband is over here while the wife is back there.

When she came over the woman little by little began to change over. She discarded her native dress and adopted the more modern American clothing. In fact she changed herself completely over. And that is something. There are many women today who are just the same as when they first came over. Some of them are still wearing those odd looking head bands. Those women would simply be out of place wearing American clothing. They are the one hundred percent Chinese as far as their habits and clothing are concerned.

This woman became westernized. She had kept pace with the ever changing world. We can be sure that her children will not be brought up to believe in superstition and odd things.

A Full Life

America is America and China is China. Because she lived over here she thinks it is fitting that the children be brought up in the occidental manner. And they are.

A full life of this woman is a life of children and work. A life of struggling, a life of hope. How many young people today would call that sort of a life a complete one? Few would. But the majority would not think so.

If this woman were to live her life all over again she probably would choose the same kind of life. She would live a "full life" all over again.

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